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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE right is winning fast in America. The elections to Congress for New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Delaware, Michigan, and Missouri came off on the 6th inst., and for Maryland and Kansas on the following day. All States were carried by the Liberals except Delaware and Maryland, which belong properly to the South. Maryland voted on the Republican side last year, but her defection is of no importance, as she has only five seats, and Delaware has only one. The total majority is not yet known, as Reuter's statement, "the Radicals have carried all the elections," can scarcely be literally true as to Congressmen, though quite true as to Governors; but in any case the Liberals have an immense majority. The future is now in their hands, and we trust with the whole people thus united they will pass a last Constitutional Amendment enabling Congress by a two-third majority to refer any President back to the people for re-election during the remainder of his term. This will make the nation really sovereign over the Federation, and dispose finally, as an incidental advantage, of Mr. Andrew Johnson's claims to be Dictator of the Republic. This is the more necessary, because if the right could ever be made wrong by the folly of its advocates, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens and Mr. Sumner would succeed in making freedom of labour seem an unrighteous cause.

Mr. Reuter received on November 6 a statement that the Emperor Maximilian had resigned. On November 9 this was denied, doubtless to the advantage of all who had bought Mexican bonds. It does not matter a straw whether the statement is true or not. The French have "completed their concentrative movement," the transports have been collected at Brest to bring them back, and the instant they depart, Juarez, the only President recognized by the Union, will be re-established by an American *corps d'armée* sufficient to secure order. Whether Sonora and Lower California have been ceded in return is doubtful, but it is evident from an order issued by General Sheridan that the American Government has determined that Mexico shall neither be Austrian nor anarchical. If Juarez can rely on his own race and 20,000 Americans, the expulsion of the Emperor will be a mere incident in his campaign for the restoration of order.

The India House has published Lord Napier's report on the measures by which he has quelled the famine in Ganjam. We have quoted the most interesting paragraphs elsewhere, but would merely mention here that the whole merit of the work appears to be due to the Governor of Madras himself. It is quite as unusual for him to travel through a famine-stricken district at the extremity of his dominions, as for the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; it is still more unusual for him to visit pestiferous "houses of relief," doctors being usually delegated to that unpleasing task; and it is most unusual of all for him to admit, as Lord Napier does, that he ought to have acted earlier, and should have done so but "that governments are slow believers in public calamities." The man who accepted that despatch, whether he wrote it or not,—it looks like Mr. Ellis's,—is clearly up to the level of his position.

The Bishop of Natal is to have his arrears of salary. On Tuesday the Master of the Rolls (Lord Romilly) gave judgment in his favour against the Trustees of the Colonial Bishopric Fund. His Lordship pointed out that the said trustees had withheld payment on grounds which would have equally justified them in withholding it from Bishop Gray or Bishop Selwyn, and that those grounds were bad. The pleadings of the trustees had averred that the Colonial Bishopric Fund had been subscribed to secure the advantages of real pastoral authority in the colonial Churches, and that if, as the judgment of the Privy Council in the case of "The Bishop of Natal *versus* the Bishop of Capetown" had seemed to declare, neither had the colonial Bishops any power to enforce discipline on their clergy, nor any need to obey their own metropolitan, that end was not answered, and the fund was being misappropriated. Lord Romilly declared that this was a mistaken interpretation of the Privy Council's decision. That decision had only declared the Episcopal patents void so far as they affected to establish Ecclesiastical Courts and ecclesiastical jurisdiction in colonies already possessing representative institutions. The patents, however, are good for every other purpose. Moreover, the colonial Bishops will have real and effective control over their clergy by the help of the ordinary Civil Courts of the colonies, which will interpret conformity to the Church of England as a contract to abide by the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, as interpreted in the English Ecclesiastical Courts and Court of Appeal. A bishop has no judicial position in the colonies, but his reasonable acts, so far as they are in conformity with the English Church by custom and constitution, will be sustained by the Civil Courts and the Court of Appeal,—the Privy Council in England. Thus he has all the practical jurisdiction contemplated when the Colonial Bishopric Fund was formed, and the trustees are bound to pay the arrears of salary to Dr. Colenso. If they choose to maintain that he has forfeited his contract rights by breaking faith with the Church in his heresies,—that course would be still open to them, and would be matter for a new and distinct action. It is not yet known whether the decision will be appealed against.

The *Moniteur de l'Armée*, a strictly official journal, denies that the Emperor intends to form a National Guard. His plan is a much wider and more expensive one. The effective strength of 400,000 men is never to be diminished in time of peace, and a new, more available, and better instructed reserve will be created, which "will render any reduction in the War budget impossible, and necessitate some sacrifices indispensable for the honour and security of the country." It is understood in France that this reserve is intended to bring the total army up to a million of men, and to be formed by drafting a second 100,000 conscripts a year, who will be exercised as regular soldiers for three months in every twelve. It is believed that the Military Commission has only been appointed to give a professional sanction to a resolve already fixed. Before the decree appears, it will, we trust, in the interests of the dynasty, have been submitted in some form to the people, whose blood-tax is thus increased one-fourth.

A suggestion has been offered this week for the enlistment of Sikhs, who could be obtained in any numbers, who are excellent soldiers, and who are willing to volunteer for European service. There are two formidable objections to that scheme. One is that we cannot stretch the Mutiny Act over India, and cannot dispense with it in the case of troops employed in the United Kingdom; and the other is that the practice would introduce the frightful element of race hatred into every quarrel. Imagine the effect of a charge on a London or Dublin mob by a copper-coloured regiment! We would not trust even the Guards not to sympathize with their countrymen; and besides, a Sikh regiment, good as it is for fighting, would, if once let loose in a European district, leave traces behind it which would make their further employment quite impossible. The Sikhs entertain quite Biblical ideas about old men and young maidens being given as spoil to the victors.

The Kaiser, it appears, does not respect Nathan Rothschild's advice never to deal with a very unlucky man, for he has appointed Baron von Beust Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Baron has issued a circular, saying that, having become an Austrian, he has left all prejudices behind him, and intends to pursue a mild and conciliatory policy, and rumours of a *rapprochement* between

Austria and Prussia are industriously circulated. They may be quite true, of course, but as a rule, a man does not when defeated fall in love with the enemy who defeats him, a minister is not cordial to the enemy who has demanded his dismissal, and a Hapsburg is not sincerely grateful for humiliation. Still rules may be broken, and we may live to see Baron von Beust apologizing for having ever offended Count Bismarck, and the Hapsburg thanking the Hohenzollern for taking the Imperial crown. Other things are more likely nevertheless, particularly a truce intended to be ended on the first opportunity.

Sir James Lewis Knight Bruce, the late Lord Justice, has died, for all practical purposes, in harness. He had not resigned his duties for a fortnight before his death, which took place at Roehampton on Wednesday afternoon, at the age of seventy-five. He was a very able, but not, perhaps, a great lawyer, for it has generally been said of him that he had so keen an instinct for the practical justice of any case that he would unconsciously twist the law to suit the exigencies of the special case, while the late Lord Cottenham, to whom the appeal from his decisions at one time went, rather inclined to twist the facts of the case to make them suit better the general exigencies of the law. Sir Knight Bruce was one of the wittiest of a witty profession. His judgment in the case of Burgess's sauces, in which one of the Brothers Burgess, who had inherited the business from his father, applied to the Court to restrain the younger brother from carrying on the same business under the same name, will be long remembered. "All the Queen's subjects are entitled to manufacture pickles and sauces, and not the less so that their fathers have done it before them. All the Queen's subjects are entitled to use their own names, and not the less so that their fathers have done it before them." The conclusion followed. Sir Knight Bruce was a Conservative, and in his place in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council dissented from the broad view taken by his coadjutors in their judgment on the Gorham case.

In his speech to the working men of Dublin yesterday week, Mr. Bright explained more clearly his scheme for buying up the great landed estates and selling them to the tenant-farmers. The Government, he said, lends money to Irish landlords already at 3½ per cent. per annum. He supposes the Commissioners to say to a tenant-farmer:—"You now pay 50*l.* a year, that's 5 per cent. on 1,000*l.*; the Government can afford to do these transactions for 3½ per cent., and if you will pay 60*l.* a year for a given number of years, which any of the actuaries at the insurance offices, or any good arithmetician can calculate,—if you pay 60*l.* a year for rent instead of 50*l.* for a given number of years—it may be ten, fifteen, or twenty—at the end of that time the farm will be yours, without any further payment." Mr. Bright went on, "I want you to understand how this is. You see, if the farmer had been paying 50*l.*, and you asked him to pay 10*l.* a year more towards buying his farm, he might do it; but the fact is, that the 1,000*l.* the Government pay for the farm would not cost them more than 35*l.*; and, therefore, the difference between 35*l.* and 60*l.*, being 25*l.*, would be the sum which the farmer annually in his rent would be paying the Government for the redemption of his farm, and this at the end of a very few years." We do not see the necessity for the farmer buying his own farm, unless he likes it. He might pay a tax for the security of tenure,—to redeem himself against any raising of his rent in all time to come,—by a very slight increase of rent indeed. And the Government, receiving this tax, might compensate the landlord. The redemption of a *fixed* rent or rent-charge would be quite unnecessary, and has not been attempted in Bengal.

Mr. Hennessy defended himself very skilfully last Saturday in an address to the Wexford electors against Mr. Bright's onslaught upon him at Dublin. Mr. Bright only said that Mr. Hennessy eagerly supported the Tories in the last Parliament, and that the Tories have been the chief supporters of injustice to Ireland,—both matters of plain fact. Mr. Hennessy, however, took it as a charge against him that he had deserted Ireland on Irish questions, and he showed in detail how diligent he had been in voting for Irish interests, and how entirely Mr. Bright had neglected them. The speech was clever, but on his own behalf Mr. Hennessy proved rather too much. He went in on the Irish side not only on tenant-right committees, emigration committees, and so on, but where the demand was flagrantly for a sop for Ireland, and nothing else,—for Galway packet grants, public works' grants, a lower rate of duty on Irish whisky than on English spirits, &c., &c. He even proposed to soothe Ireland by resisting everything unpleasant to Roman Catholic prejudices, such as the senseless provision for refusing to take for what it is worth, in Courts of Justice the evidence of witnesses who do not believe in God, and to whom, therefore, the oath is not more binding than an affirmation. In a word, Mr. Hennessy always supported the Ultramontanes, supported the Tories whenever he could do so with decency, and supported "boons to Ireland," whether he could do so with decency or without it.

There is a rumour that Lord Chelmsford may resign the Lord Chancellorship, and take the place likely to be vacated by Chief Justice Erle, the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, in which case Sir Hugh Cairns would take the Lord Chancellorship. There was another rumour that Sir W. Bovill would succeed Chief Justice Erle, in which case some new man, probably Mr. Brett, would have to be taken into favour, to fill up the vacancy.

We are informed that peace between Brazil and Paraguay is nearly certain. The great defeat of Curupaita shook the Slave Empire, and peace is to be signed on the basis of the Paraguayan Dictator's proposals, which will, we imagine, include an acknowledgment of his sovereignty over the Missiones, the cession of some Brazilian districts on his head waters, and, if he is wise, some provision for the benefit of the slaves. If he can only induce the black population to look to him, he may, in the next war, shake the Slave Empire finally down.

A telegram from Tientsin, dated 25th October, has reached the *London and China Telegraph*, stating that the French have declared war on the Coreans. The people of the Corea, the great peninsula on the East of China, are semi-barbarous, pay no reverence to Pekin, and have a habit of murdering French missionaries, in which they have been recently indulging. The "war" is probably only an expedition to punish them, and it has not been joined in by the British Admiral. Nothing short of an army will make much impression on Corea, which has no great cities liable to bombardment.

The text of the Papal Allocution on Italy has arrived. It is less turgid in style than usual, and more intelligible in meaning, but it is much more severe against Italy than was at first supposed. The Government of the peninsula is condemned for almost every crime under the sun, and especially for encouraging concubinage by passing a law of civil marriage, which, says the Pope, "is perfectly scandalous." He declares that he will not consent to the demands of such men, but will "combat them without fear, even to the peril of his life," and will even "remove whither he may best be able to exercise his supreme apostolic mission." Throughout the long paper there runs, however, the tone of one who is nearly in despair, who will never surrender anything, but who sees the time coming when all will be taken away.

The Bishop of Salisbury is very angry with Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne, not because he often writes trash which nobody would read unless written by a duke's son, but because he recently affirmed, in a very sensible letter, that an English clergyman was not a priest. The Bishop declares that the Church, by her Ordination Service, "justifies those who have been so ordained in believing that they have had committed to them the same powers which the priests of the rest of the Catholic Church, both in the East and West, have ever claimed as their inheritance." In other words, the Bishop affirms that a man who the day before was a layman, is by mere admission into a mystic caste invested with the power to forgive sins, to shut the gates of heaven, and to "call God as a sacrifice to the altar." That is what priests "in the East and West" believe, and what nine hundred and ninety-nine Englishmen in a thousand regard as blasphemous nonsense. If the Bishops can only succeed in making sacerdotalism instead of Ritualism the field of battle, they will unintentionally effect real good.

A tremendous hurricane broke over Nassau and the Bahamas on the 9th of October. The gale spread over some 100 or 180 miles, blowing her Majesty's ship *Nimble* ashore, destroying or driving to sea some hundreds of merchantmen, unroofing most of the town, and driving the sea over the settlements. The wells in the plains have been filled with salt water, and an immense amount of damage has been done to other property. The speed of the gale is estimated by Commander A. J. Chatfield, of the *Nimble*, at from fifteen to twenty miles an hour.

"A Clergyman" writes to the *Times* complaining that the prayer against the cattle plague has not been suspended, although the cattle plague has. He must, we fear, be a "literate," that

correspondent. Does he not know that it is a cardinal doctrine of the Episcopal Bench that the ritual, and ceremonial, and doctrine of the Church are independent of times and seasons, beyond reason, above the movement of human affairs? The prayer against the cattle plague is not one whit more out of date than the Athanasian Creed or the Commination Service, and why should it be abolished, any more than they? Time can only sanction ecclesiastical things, not abrogate them.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol preached a sermon last Sunday intended to account for the Ritualistic movement fairly first, and then discourage it. He said it arose from two motives besides the artistic one,—the desire for unity with other (episcopal) Churches which have a more splendid ceremonial than ours,—and the reaction against the modern tendency to anti-supernaturalism, against which the supposed fact of transubstantiation is the greatest possible protest. This may be true enough, but a movement which thirsts for unity with the showy Churches and not with the modest ones, is scarcely on that account entitled to much religious respect; and a movement which proposes to counteract anti-supernatural tendencies not by exhibiting a new miracle, but by asking people to believe in one more miracle than before, is not on that account entitled to much intellectual respect. After the Bishop had "explained" the movement, if this can be called an explanation, he attempted to repress it; but the tone of his language was not manly, but rather goody? Why can't the Bishops talk frankly, instead of putting on a sort of St. Peter-and-water mannerism,—a tone of maudlin spiritual talk,—which is about as natural to them as lawn sleeves would have been to St. Peter? A bishop should feel real affection for his people, but there is no occasion to whine over them. Not even bishops would do so in talking to a friend, however earnestly, on questions of religious belief.

At the special sessions held at Newington on Wednesday, *sixty-eight* tradesmen were fined for having in their possession unjust weights, scales, and measures. This offence is increasing until it amounts to a very severe tax upon the poor, and needs much more stringent legislation. We never could see why weights should not be considered coinage, struck at the Mint, and protected by the same laws as the sovereign and the shilling. The next best remedy, perhaps, would be to publish the names of all traders convicted of the offence outside the police offices, like those of persons who have absconded or committed any ordinary crime.

Dr. Tyndall has written by far the ablest defence of Mr. Eyre's policy in Jamaica hitherto printed, and as even he breaks down hopelessly, we conclude there is nothing more to be said. His line of argument is to point to the terrible incidents of the Hayti rising in 1793, to identify the premonitory symptoms in Jamaica with the premonitory symptoms in Hayti, to recall that a former rebellion in Jamaica which everybody supposed suppressed in May burst out with double fury in January, and to infer from these indications that Mr. Eyre was quite right to prolong military terror for a considerable length of time, in order to prevent a second outbreak. Dr. Tyndall only forgets that Mr. Eyre himself was satisfied of the effectual suppression of the riot, or insurrection, or whatever it really was, within five days of the outbreak,—so satisfied that *he declined military aid* from a neighbouring power; and that his military force was swelled by large accessions from Barbadoes long before the end of the reign of military terror. Does Dr. Tyndall really think it morally right in any Governor to refuse military aid as unnecessary when the only alternative is to terrify by hanging and whipping, without the pretence of either justice or mercy, for weeks beyond what would otherwise be needful? Granting Dr. Tyndall's own estimate of the probabilities, which is, however, not the estimate of the Commissioners, who displayed quite sufficient bias to Mr. Eyre's side, what misconduct could be greater than to dispense with aid which would have rendered a reign of terror needless, in order to have a justification for indiscriminate flogging and hanging? Is indiscriminate cruelty on a large scale, administered by such men as Captain Hole, and Lieutenant Brand, and Provost-Marshal Ramsay, either quite the noblest way or quite the most prudent way to prevent fresh outrage? Dr. Tyndall has peculiar views of justice and prudence if he thinks so, and as to Mr. Gordon, he appears to ignore the fact that the Commissioners themselves had no doubt of his innocence, and that no evidence has ever been produced against him that would have got him even committed for trial in England.

The *Fortnightly Review* has become the-for-the-present-every-other-Fortnightly Review; in other words, it is to be named after the fortnight and appear by the month. It takes the German language to express this adequately in a title. *Die für jetzt einmal in zweimal Vierzehn Tagen erscheinende Recension*, would be rather a popular phrase than otherwise, in German. We hope that, like the planetary bodies, the magnitude of its moral orbit may vary directly with its periodic time; for its idea is unique in England, and it has had an ample number of first-rate papers on all classes of subjects since it was first projected into the sphere of public opinion.

Ecce Homo! appears to be at last definitely traced to Professor Seeley, of University College, London. The author complained in his recent preface of its being supposed that he could wish to mystify the public as to the drift of his treatise. We suppose he felt no such scruple as to his authorship, as he seems to have succeeded admirably in mystifying even intimate friends. It is not, we should think, any want of pride in such a book, or in its reception by friends and foes, which induced him so perseveringly to preserve the incognito.

The correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* who exhorted his fellow-citizens, if they wished really to enjoy a little comedy, to go and see *Meg's Diversion* at the New Royalty was quite right. We followed his counsel last Wednesday, and have seldom enjoyed anything more than Mr. H. T. Craven's play, and his own quiet, powerful, and pathetic acting,—acting with a touch of real genius in it, Robsonian in its pathos, but all his own in the quiet humour of the lighter parts. Mr. Charles Wyndham, too, has the true French quiet and pliancy. His complete change of manner and style from the low comic part, which he plays admirably, in *No. 1 Round the Corner*, to the higher comedy of the conceited and priggish baronet in *Meg's Diversion*, was even remarkable. The women's parts are not nearly so well sustained, though Miss Oliver, the manager, is good while she is jolly. When she becomes heart-broken she is a failure, not understanding pathos, and with a laugh in her eyes through it all.

Mr. Coleridge on Wednesday pronounced the speech at the annual meeting of the Articled Clerks' Society, and took occasion to read a severe lecture to the embryo attorneys, advising them to beware of the "vulgar vanity, the tiresome egotism, and self-display sometimes so justly laid by men of the world to the charge of the legal profession," and the unscrupulousness which had sometimes a foundation in truth. He quoted Wordsworth's lines, denouncing the "keenness of that practised eye, the hardness of that sallow face," in a fine peroration, and declared that a lawyer should be a man of spotless honour. Perhaps when Mr. Coleridge is Lord High Chancellor of England he will remember this speech, and try to tempt higher men into the profession by opening to it some of the prizes it so sadly needs. There is nothing to be gained in it but money, neither power, nor distinction, nor even high social rank. A sucking barrister sees the woolsack, a sucking attorney only a balance at his banker's.

The Directors of the Bank of England have reduced their minimum rate of discount from 4½ to 4 per cent. In the open market, the best bills are taken at 3¾ per cent. The Bank of England return is very favourable, and the supply of bullion is 16,891,606*l*. At Paris the stock of bullion has further diminished to the extent of 148,000*l*., but the open market rates for money are easier.

The Stock Exchange markets are almost generally flat, and there is very little business doing. Consols closed yesterday at 89⅜ ½ for money, and 89¼ ex. div. for account.

The following table shows the closing prices of the leading Foreign Securities yesterday and on Friday week:—

	Friday, Nov. 2.	Friday, Nov. 9.
Mexican	15¾	16¼
Spanish Passive	21¼	21½
Do. Certificates	14	14¼
Turkish 6 per Cents., 1858	53	5[illegible]
" " 1862	55	57¼
United States 5-20's	68¾ x. c.	68¼

The closing prices of the leading British Railways yesterday and on Friday week are subjoined:—

	Friday, Nov. 2.	Friday, Nov. 9
Great Eastern	26¾	26¾
Great Northern	116½	115¾
Great Western	53¼	52¾
Lancashire and Yorkshire	124¼	123¾
London and Brighton	86¼	85
London and North-Western	118½	117½
London and South-Western	81	82
London, Chatham, and Dover	18¼	18¼
Metropolitan	124¾	122
Midland	122¼	123½
North-Eastern, Berwick	104¼	104½
Do York	100	100
South-Eastern	65¾	65¾

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE DANGER OF PARLIAMENTS.

THERE is a change of feeling going on among Liberals all over the world, which demands more attention than it has received, for if it lasts it may colour the whole political progress of the future. The change may be only apparent, but it may also be real; and if it is real, it will deflect the movement of civilization to an extent which will deprive current speculations on politics of nearly all their value. It seems to some men, ourselves included, as they look abroad into the world, as if Liberals, and indeed all thinking men, were beginning to weary of Parliamentary Government, were longing for some quicker, sterner, more active form of giving expression to the national will. There is no re-submission to authority, the day for that is passed, but there is a longing for a stronger and, above all, a swifter political agent, for one which shall have a capacity of leadership, of initiative, as well as of registration. The triumph of personal government on the Continent, now so nearly complete, may be, probably will be, only a temporary phenomenon; but it has been greatly accelerated by an unexpressed but strongly felt distaste for wiser but slower forms. Eighteen years have elapsed since 1848, and at this moment the actual Government of the Continent, the real ultimate power without the consent of which no thought can become action, is committed to less than a dozen individuals—Napoleon III., Count von Bismarck, the Czar Alexander, the Kaiser Francis Joseph, Queen Isabella of Spain, the Pope, and Baron Ricasoli. We do not say these seven can do exactly as they please—modern civilization has rid us of really absolute volitions, supremacies of will such as once existed in the East—but it is certain that nothing which they do not please can get itself fairly executed. They have at once a real veto, each in his own region, and a real monopoly of initiative in great affairs. This may be accidental—in part, no doubt, is accidental—but accidents of that kind, if not the actual result of "the spirit of the age," *i.e.*, of the mass of active tendencies at work in Europe, are seldom wholly out of accord with its secret longings. Even among Anglo-Saxon populations, of all others the most impatient of personal government, there are evidences of a growing impatience of its rival organization. Mr. Bright talks about freedom, and what not, with splendid eloquence; but if cultivated Englishmen accept what we technically call Reform, it will be mainly from the hope that a more democratic Parliament will be stronger than the old one, will be able to do more, and do it quicker, and do it with less waste of power than the old one has been able to do. Naturally, being Englishmen, we seek to gain our end through the old means; but this, and nothing else, is what we seek. So do the Americans in the great revolution which they are working out, and which—though the overthrow of "one-man power," as they with their bizarre realism call it, is an incident in their progress—will end in the construction of a strong central engine of some kind, able to begin things, and not obliged to content itself with the mere registration of the national will. Whether this latent desire will ultimately express itself everywhere through the dominance of individuals, kings, ministers, leaders, or whatever they may be called, is uncertain, will probably depend chiefly on the presence or absence in each nation of a man who at once possesses the highest or constructive kind of genius, and is in full accord with the aspirations of his people. But of this we feel certain, that as the great work of removing restrictions ends, and the greater task of "organizing liberty"—pardon a phrase which is unavoidable—begins, men will grow more and more doubtful of the utility of their old engine. The English House of Commons as it stands has abolished restrictions admirably, but it constructs far less perfectly. It swept away Protection, for example, in a style even Napoleon dare not imitate, but it does nothing, literally nothing, towards "organizing labour," that is, towards establishing the principle—call it co-operation, or what you will—which is to enable workmen to get the most possible out of themselves with the smallest waste of power. It has swept away all restrictions on labour, but is avowedly incompetent to construct any effective machinery for dealing with pauperism. It has abolished all forms of compulsory service for war, in practice, if not in theory, but is quite helpless to build up a great free army or marine. It has cleaned away every impediment to the free development of the revenue, but as to using the pecuniary power of the State to develop civilization, it cannot even make up its mind which way to begin. It assented to two plans of Mr. Gladstone's because it thought Mr. Gladstone knew, but it had no volition either about State banks or State annuities for the poor. It does not initiate well or build well, is too cumbrous, too changeable, and above all, too slow. These defects, though partly curable by Reform, will, we believe, be more and more keenly felt as society recognizes the immense benefits which State action, that is, the applied strength of the whole people, can confer on the individual, and will, unless statesmen are wise in time, produce great discontent with Parliamentary government, a rooted dislike for so very much talk to so very little action.

This feeling is dangerous because its natural result is to enthrone some individual will strong enough and able enough to gratify the secret longing, to establish Cæsarism, in short, whether the Cæsar be a great potentate or, as is more probable in England, a popular Parliamentary leader, acting through a silenced and disciplined majority. The power of the latter would be really fearful, for he could venture on acts at which a mere emperor would quail, and both in France and America we see that popular assemblies can be induced to vote by roll-call. The new point, therefore, as it seems to us, for the statesmen of free countries to consider, is whether it is not possible to invest the representatives of the nation with a power which shall make Cæsarism as needless as it is riskful, with a capacity of initiative, an ability to act when necessary at speed. Half at least of all discussion is now done out of doors, and the organization suited for full deliberation has therefore grown antiquated, deliberation being half done elsewhere, and Parliament rather required to make deliberation vital, to vivify the already formed, though it may be embryonic thought. In England, on the great subject of "private legislation," as it is called, this necessity is already felt so strongly that we shall doubtless in a year or two see a radical reform, either through the creation of permanent joint committees of the Houses for such work, or some other and still quicker device. A Minister of Private Business, for example, is no impossibility. The same necessity will, we believe, be felt throughout the whole area of Parliamentary action, until statesmen are wearied with demands, growing each time more angry, for quicker and more decided resolution. How they are to be gratified we cannot attempt to foresee, but gratified they must be, if the Houses are to retain the real sovereignty of the country. It may be that an interior Senate will develop itself, as has happened from other causes in all legislation affecting Scotland; it may be that the Houses will co-operate to a novel degree,—the expedient sure to be tried as to private business; it may be that deliberation will be entrusted to committees, the House being left to ratify or reject,—the way in which the Cabinet does its work; it may be that we shall introduce the despised law of *la cloture*, thus legalizing vote by roll-call; or it may be that the relation between the Cabinet and Parliament which prevails in foreign affairs will be extended to affairs at home. In foreign affairs the Cabinet acts and Parliament interferes, censures, or disallows; in home affairs the Cabinet asks Parliamentary permission before it takes any important action. Or finally, it may be that we shall legalize and formulize the power of the Cabinet, throwing on it as a body certain tasks to which a great and multiform assembly is confessedly incompetent. The mode of the change is still obscure, though we seem to see dimly a drifting towards a practice of authorizing the Executive to act by "resolution," *i.e.*, by one great debate and vote, the subsequent legalities being left very much to the Cabinet—the device adopted in the cattle plague; but of this one thing we feel increasingly satisfied. The Parliaments which cannot be so organized, both here, on the Continent, and in America as to *act* rapidly, strongly, and decisively, are in danger of becoming the objects of a dislike, it may be of a contempt, which will end in supersession. Parliament is beginning to excite the sense of hopelessness, of distrust in its efficiency, which in England always precedes great change. It may recover itself after a reform, as it did in 1831; but if it does not, middle-aged men will live to see the pivot of power shift.

THE EFFECT OF LORD ROMILLY'S JUDGMENT.

LORD ROMILLY'S judgment in the case of "Bishop Colenso *versus* the Trustees of the Colonial Bishopric Fund," is exceedingly clear, and, if supported, of the highest moment to the English Church. For the last year it has been held that the English Church, in getting beyond the range of the English Establishment, regained its freedom from State con-

trol. Indeed Lord Lyttelton, if we remember rightly, with many other Churchmen of the same type, has expressly asserted that this was the one advantage the colonial branches of the English Church did gain, in exchange for the loss of State aid and for the grant by the State of ecclesiastical powers of jurisdiction. To use Archbishop Whately's metaphor, the Church, which in England is, like a tame elephant, guided and driven by the State, was supposed by High Churchmen to have regained its freedom in the Colonies, and to be quite at liberty to use its great powers at its own exclusive discretion or indiscretion, without interference of any kind from the State. If Lord Romilly's judgment, however, be sustained, this view of the case is entirely erroneous. It is true that members of the Church of England resident in the colonies may, if they please, unite themselves into a Free Church, on the same doctrinal basis as the Church of England, and still in communion with it, with any sort of conditions as to discipline and authority that they choose to adopt. But if they do this, Lord Romilly assures us that they are no longer members of the Church of England. They are members of a Free Church dissenting from it on points of discipline and authority, and likely enough, therefore, in time, to diverge widely from it on points of doctrine also; for, start if you will from the same doctrinal basis, if you set up a quite different class of judges as to what that doctrinal basis really is, and do not even go to the same Court of Appeal to decide the matter, you must soon get a series of decisions interpreting the doctrine and discipline of the new Church quite differently from the final legal tribunals of the Church of England; and as soon as this happens, the doctrine of the two Churches is for all practical purposes quite different. Suppose, for instance, what is very likely, that a Church of South Africa, starting from the doctrinal basis of the English Church, should, through its ecclesiastical judges, interpret the Articles and Liturgy so as to mean that every word of Scripture is part of the word of God,—even in the Archbishop of Canterbury's sense, that the words, though human, are so over-ruled as to be quite free from error in all that they actually assert,—and that clergymen denying this are to be deprived of their functions. Is it not certain that such a principle,—widely as it diverges from the decision given in *Essays and Reviews*, by Dr. Lushington, would at once constitute the strongest doctrinal distinction between the Churches? The one would thenceforward be a Church formed on the theory of the *textual* inspiration of the Bible,—the other, on the theory of the general inspiration of the writers, or subjects, of Bible narrative. Such a difference is so radical that it would soon bring forth other differences by the score. Allow thirty years' life to such a Church, and at the end of it, it would be no more like the Church of England, though starting from a common stem, than the Church of England is now like the Church of Rome.

What, then, is required from members of the English Church in the colonies? Only this,—that they shall accept the rulers nominated by the Queen as their rulers, and the *doctrine and discipline* of the mother Church, as it may be authoritatively determined at home, as their contract-basis for the future;—the contract to be interpreted like all other contracts, and its provisions enforced, by the ordinary Civil Courts of the colony, with appeal to the Queen in Council. Just as the Wesleyan body are obliged to administer their trust funds on the basis of the trusts declared in their constitution, and those trusts are interpreted by the ordinary civil tribunals of the country, with appeal to the highest of such tribunals, so it will be with the body calling itself the English Church in the colonies, only that its fundamental law will be the law governing the mother Church, as understood in the interpretation put upon that law by the ordinary tribunals for interpreting trusts. In this way every decision affecting doctrine or discipline in the Church of England is at once embodied in the code which governs the doctrine and dicipline of the colonial branches of that Church, and as they have the same Court of Appeal, the possibility even of divergence entirely disappears. It is true that the ecclesiastical tribunals of the mother Church, the Bishops' Courts, and the Archbishop's Court, or Court of Arches, do not exist for the colonies at all; but the decisions in these Courts are all liable to revision by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and as this is the highest Court of Appeal for the Civil Courts of the colonies also, the colonial Courts cannot reverse any authoritative decisions even of the English Court of Arches, without being liable to reversal in their turn by the last Court of Appeal which is the final tribunal in both cases alike.

Lord Romilly has, therefore, practically decided, if his judgment be sustained on appeal, that if the colonial Churches wish to emancipate themselves from the final control of lay judges, they must give up the name of the English Church, constitute themselves on a voluntary basis of their own, and if they continue the episcopal government, must accept bishops consecrated voluntarily by other bishops, but not selected by the Crown, not consecrated at the order of the reigning monarch. Bishops created and consecrated by the Queen's order cannot, without renouncing their allegiance to the English Church, go over to such free colonial Churches as are now contemplated. Such Churches may, no doubt, remain in *communion* with the English Church,—indeed, the English Church is in communion with the Scotch Episcopal and American Episcopal Church, and may be in communion before long with the Greek Church,—but they will not be part of it; their clergy, and archdeacons, and bishops cannot minister in the English Church; their orders will not be held valid in the English Church; in a word, they will be an entirely different Church,—a Church with a common origin and a common *root* of dogma, but likely soon enough to issue in branches, leaves, and flowers of a very different variety indeed. But will not the temptation to be free from the curb of lay tribunals, and to have the clergy determining what is orthodoxy and heresy for themselves, operate so powerfully that Churches, schismatic in all but their wish to remain in communion with the mother Church, will yet be formed? That some attempt of this kind will be made in the colonies, as soon as it is known that to belong to the English Church *means* accepting absolutely the decisions of lay tribunals with respect to the nature of the obligations imposed by the formularies of the Church,—we do not doubt. But both conservative policy, and distrust of sacerdotal judges, is so deeply imprinted on most Englishmen, that we should expect to see comparatively very few Church colonists joining the "Church of South Africa" or the "Church of New Zealand," compared with those who would stand firm to the English Church in South Africa and the English Church in New Zealand. We have little doubt that the majority of colonial Churchmen will prefer the latter, even on *account* of the lay tribunals, and that many of the minority will prefer it from old conservative feeling, in spite of them.

If this be so, Lord Romilly's judgment is, in fact, the final triumph of the Erastian principle for which we have always contended,—that all justice and judgment is the function, we should not hesitate to say the divinely appointed function,—of the State, to which the Church must submit for her own benefit, no less than the benefit of the State. The simple truth is that the duty of preaching the Gospel belongs to one class of persons, and the duty of deciding questions of equity concerning the faithfulness of men to their duties and contracts, to quite another. Men who preach, and who are good preachers, will rarely, if ever, make good judges. You might as well set the judicial Bench to spread the Gospel, as set the Bench of Bishops to administer justice. There must be a diversity of gifts, if there is to be a unity of spirit. Judgment belongs to the State, and cannot be usurped by the Church without such consequences as we see under all ecclesiastical governments and in the records of all purely ecclesiastical tribunals. If the Bishop of Natal, or any other clergyman, is to be deprived for heresy, it is clear that the case must be heard and decided by a civil tribunal; and therefore that,—if Lord Romilly be right,—all Churchmen who cannot be thankful for, or at worst *tolerate*, the beneficent yoke of the State over them in the administration of justice, must make up their minds at once to go forth and create for themselves a fancy ecclesiastical yoke, which their children will very soon find out that neither their fathers nor they have been well able to bear.

THE NORTH BRITISH RAILWAY.

THE easiest and the surest way of preventing frauds in the management of Railways is to appoint an official Director-General, with a seat at every Railway Board. We made that suggestion incidentally a few weeks since in connection with the affairs of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, and we now repeat it as a carefully considered proposition. No other of the many plans hitherto proposed appears to meet so exactly the public need, no other requires so little disturbance of the existing machinery. New penal laws may be necessary, though they will not remove the obstacle which prevents the execution of those already existing, namely, the difficulty of obtaining evidence; and we might even establish a Public

Prosecutor, with powers limited like those of the Queen's Proctor in the Divorce Court, with advantage to the cause of justice; but neither sterner laws nor easier modes of prosecution can prevent frauds, and it is prevention as well as punishment which the public desires. One form of fraud, the over-issue of debentures, might be stopped by the registration of the bonds, and another, the creation of fictitious shares, by making a receipt from the Bank of England an essential part of the declaration required by statute. But nothing except the presence of an official witness could check impositions such as those which have been committed on the public by some officials of the North British Railway, and it is impositions of this kind which injure the public interest. If one-half of the statements made by the Committee of Investigation are true, that Company or its chairman have committed acts towards the public which, in the range of their mischief, the area which they cover with ruin, the multiplicity of persons and classes of persons whom they injuriously affect, are almost without a parallel, even in that long register of energy and villany, the railway history of Great Britain. It is possible that some of those statements may be explained away, but as the chairman has replied to the report, it may, we think, be justly assumed that the facts which he leaves untouched are *primâ facie* correctly stated. It appears, then, that Mr. Richard Hodgson, Chairman of the North British Railway, a company with 781 miles of railway and 22,000,000*l.* of capital, has for years conducted an internecine war with a rival undertaking, the Caledonian Railway. A man of high ability and extraordinary courage, Mr. Hodgson has monopolized power in the Company until the general manager, the secretary, and some of the directors appear simply his servants or his screens, and he has used his absolutism in many respects extremely well. The Company has grown under his auspices from a tenth-rate concern to one of the foremost associations in the kingdom. Its lines have been well built at reasonable, though "expensive," rates, its vast contracts fairly managed, its popularity with the public steadily maintained. Business has been attracted in great masses, and the receipts have been only just inadequate for profit. It does not appear that Mr. Hodgson himself ever sought any pecuniary advantage from his management, and we should not be surprised in the least to hear that his administration had brought him personally nothing. Indeed his fidelity to his Company comes out in his defence in the most strikingly unconscious way. Tried, dismissed, disgraced, in danger of criminal prosecution, injured it may be in purse, certainly injured in character, the chairman's one real regret, which comes cropping out at every turn, is that the exposure will give the Caledonian the victory. With his last breath in his final report, which is practically a confession, he advises, pleads, almost prays that the men who are crushing him will not make peace with the enemy except through victory. If we may judge a character from documentary evidence, Mr. Richard Hodgson must be a man like Paterson, fit to head great enterprises, resolute, remorseless, and one-idead, a man utterly unscrupulous when needful, yet always strictly economical of unscrupulousness. He was not going to create fictitious shares, or over-issue debentures, or play small tricks on capitalists' credulity. He understood credit better than that, saw like a statesman that if he could but make his lines seem to yield a steady, unfailing dividend, capital would come fast enough, and he did it. For years he deliberately, knowingly, systematically falsified the accounts, in order to make his railways seem to yield what—10 per cent., 8 per cent., 5 per cent.?—no, and it was the master stroke of a true financial genius, a dividend fluctuating only from 2 to 3 per cent. "The system which the accountants trace in the Company's books is not merely one of general deception of the shareholders and misrepresentation of the Company's affairs; it is not merely deliberate falsification of the accounts from year to year, so as to show to the shareholders and divide among them a revenue which was not in existence, and was known not to have been earned; but it was, as shown in the report appended hereto, a careful and most ingenious fabrication of imaginary accounts, begun and carried on from time to time, for the purpose of supporting the falsified half-yearly statements of revenue, and the general misrepresentation of affairs."

The *modus operandi* of the process is well understood. Payments chargeable to revenue were carried to capital, the "suspense account" was enormously enlarged, the secretary was told to keep the finance committee in ignorance—"a little knowledge," wrote Mr. Hodgson to him, "is a dangerous thing, and in some cases much knowledge would be much more dangerous"—and the accountant was, in at least one case, ordered blankly "to make the accounts show a dividend of 2¼ per cent." The dividend was the point, and as it was not earned by the work it was taken out of capital. A sum variously estimated, but certainly not less than 300,000*l.*, was distributed to the proprietary as earnings out of their own property. That, it may be argued, may be deception, but it is scarcely fraud, as Mr. Hodgson may have believed it absolutely necessary for the interests of his constituents to trick them into a belief that an indispensable war was not ruining them; but there is an effect beyond the Company itself. Every man who purchased shares on the faith of the dividend was done out of some portion of his money, as much done as if he had bought an unsound horse on a warranty of soundness. Every loan raised upon such shares, and there must have been thousands of loans, every distribution of property including them, every estimate of assets by or for a holder of them, every banker's statement including them as securities, every bankrupt's dividend with them to sell, must have contained an unseen fraud. In fact, in every commercial transaction into which any portion of this twenty-two millions of capital entered in any way whatsoever, the seller unconsciously, but still really, plundered the buyer. Even this does not show the whole extent of the evil. The North British Railway entered into engagements with other railways on the strength of their imaginary dividend, and in every railway which was so induced to subscribe for their projects every transaction in shares involves *pro tanto* unfair gain to the seller, unfair loss to the buyer. The public, which knew, and can know, nothing of the interior of railways, bought and sold property valued at twenty-two millions, completed, that is, many scores of thousands of transactions, believing that a dividend was a kind of "Hall mark," and the wrong to them is as great as if the Hall mark had been forged. If the Committee's report is correct it *was* forged.

For this kind of deception, so widely ruinous, there can, we believe, be but one preventive—the presence in the board-room of one absolutely independent and even hostile mind, armed with no power of interference, but with full right to demand every kind of information, and to explain to all the shareholders every transaction which appears to him to transgress the letter of the law. No person appointed by the directors can possibly assume this attitude, no official appointed by the shareholders could possibly retain it. Owing to the system of proxies, the shareholders in a railway company are, as long as affairs seem smooth, only the directors over again, the directors often only the nominees of the chairman, who can refuse any one of them his re-election. Auditors are utterly useless, having, first, a direct interest in conciliating directors, and secondly, an invincible belief that if the "accounts" are right all is well. If an account shows 50,000*l.* paid to Mr. Contractor, and Mr. Contractor has not sent in a receipt, then the auditors flame very properly into indignation, will not, unless very dexterously deceived indeed, sign the accounts. But if the account and the receipt tally, then the 50,000*l.* may have been paid for bottled moonshine, for aught the auditors care, or indeed know, as to the matter. No other person is even presumed to be independent, and a mere outsider would be thwarted at every turn. By law any shareholder can see the interior accounts of his own property, but just let any shareholder try to exercise his right in the teeth of the chairman's opposition. He will see a book or two, will detect something or other, will rise and declare that the books show only 30,000*l.* spent on grease, whereas the report shows 60,000*l.*, and will be calmly told by the chairman, amidst universal tittering, that he should learn arithmetic before he turns auditor, for he has confounded the main line with the general undertaking. "His excellent friend" smiles the chairman, "is most honourable and vigilant; but he is perhaps just a little silly, hasty, credulous, and given to suspicion." Shareholder sits down smashed, and very properly smashed, for he has undertaken the impossible; and chairman, with a calmly resigned air, and a sense of duty well performed, goes on with his fictions. The independent member must be appointed by the State, with a position high enough to snub, instead of being snubbed, and the mind, to speak broadly, of a high-caste ferret. Sir Benjamin Hall, for example, when he was not Lord Llanover and a Lord-Lieutenant, and careful whether Jones called himself Herbert or no, would have been just the man for such a post,—would have seen everything, known everything, abstained from interference,

but made the life of any incompetent or tricky chairman a perpetual burden to him. If men like him are unattainable, any Mr. Neverbend will do, any strong, narrow-minded, self-willed official, who thinks fraud "low," and would sit down on a hedgehog if that seemed to be his "duty to his department." It is useless to say such a system would not work, for it does work in the Indian Railways, some seventy millions of capital being expended under that arrangement, and the India Companies getting very good directors indeed. Mr. Crawford, for example, is not a man supposed to be unduly careless of dignity or fond of responsibility without power, but he works on very well indeed, under the knowledge that a State officer can investigate at any moment the most private books of the East India Railway. Of course the "Great Railway Interest" will protest, for that Interest represents everything except shareholders and the public; but a Reform Bill will rid us of a few of those gentlemen, and if it does not, they have not yet succeeded either in buying or coercing the Peers. Let the Peers insist on an Official Director, and non-official directors, mindful of coming projects, will vote according to their consciences, instead of what they are pleased to call, in the Lower House, their convictions.

THE CRISIS IN BALTIMORE.

THE importance of the great crisis so hardly averted in Baltimore consisted in this, that the American revolution threatened for the first time to overstep the bonds of legality altogether. The most anxious efforts have been made by the North to keep it, technically at all events, within the law, and with extraordinary success, but in Baltimore it seemed for five days as if this had become impossible. The precise contingency dreaded, an open conflict between a legally constituted State power and the illegally expressed national will, seemed inevitable, and the Union, had it occurred, would have cut its best cable—the superstitious reverence for the Constitution as something above and beyond the changes of earthly opinion. The point raised, which so nearly revived the Civil War, involved the whole struggle between the North and South. Maryland, the State immediately interested, has, as our readers know, been throughout the war loyal, or rather Northern, in action, but disloyal, or rather Southern, in sentiment and wishes, has not yet, for example, accepted the Constitutional Amendment. It was, of course, essential, when the struggle began, to coerce Maryland, which commanded the Northern roads to Washington, and this was done after a short resort to open force, as in Tennessee, by disqualifying certain electors. The electors were required by a law passed by Congress to take certain oaths, and as the majority disliked them, the minority were able to pass in 1864 an amendment to the State Constitution, providing that each elector must take an oath of allegiance, and must swear that he had never given aid or countenance to Secession. It was known that the oath would not be taken by the Southerners, and the object of the very cumbrous device was to place the minority in possession of all the resources of the State, without creating any revolutionary or extra-legal powers. As a further guarantee, however, it was enacted that the Commissioners of Police, who were to act as electoral registrars, should "use all diligence" to keep away disloyal voters, should, that is, reject voters known to be disloyal, even if they took the oath. These precautions succeeded up to a very recent date perfectly. The Marylanders, greatly to their credit, avoided the polls, and the North was enabled to govern the State without any open declaration of war, and without breaking up all its political machinery. Recently, however, the Marylanders, seeing that their allegiance had become a necessary fact, and excited by Mr. Johnson's change of policy, have been ready to take the oath and resume the government of their own State. The Police Commissioners, however, well aware that the sentiment of the State was unchanged, regarded this readiness as part of a plan for the subversion of the results of the war, which it probably was, and searched for some new expedient to avoid the election of a hostile Legislature. They found that they were enjoined to use "due diligence" in keeping away disloyal voters, and began, therefore, to inquire "behind the oath," and reject every man who had sympathized at all strongly with the South. As this was the very intention of the Amendment, the Commissioners were probably within their legal power, extreme though the power was, but the majority of Marylanders, enraged beyond bearing, appealed to the Governor for his aid. This gentleman, Mr. Swann, though elected by the minority as a safe but acceptable Unionist, had gone right round with Mr. Johnson, thereby acquiring immense social popularity, and he threatened to dismiss the Commissioners of Police for exceeding their legal functions. In other words, he threatened to allow the State to become Southern again, and thereby, in the event of any fresh contest, to seal up the roads between Washington and the North. The Liberals, who expected hourly to hear that Mr. Johnson had declared Congress an illegal body, and himself sole representative of the nation, were of course unable to endure calmly a menace which, to use European phraseology, "enthroned the counter-revolution," and pledged the *State* to action hostile to the policy sanctioned by the *nation*. They felt that the time had arrived for asserting once for all the final and absolute supremacy of the Republic over all its sections, and advised the Police Commissioners to decline to be dismissed. They were entitled to be tried, they said, on the plea, we presume, that they were officers under the Constitution, and not under the Governor; but the plea, though clever, was held by all lawyers to be barred by the fact that the Governor was by statute empowered to remove them. So also was the plea that they must be "tried," and therefore tried by a Court, the lawyers holding that the Governor was by law the legal and sufficient Court. We believe there is no doubt of the practice, the Governor having exercised his power frequently in similar cases, and the Liberals were at last face to face with the long avoided dilemma. The law, if strictly obeyed, would arrest the revolution, reverse the decision of the sword, and place a State at variance with the decision of the nation. If they yielded, any State could act against the Federation, and after one brief pause, during which all Americans held their breath, they made their final decision. The revolution should march, if need be, over the laws. The retired soldiery in Maryland itself could be trusted, Pennsylvania would march her militia at a word, and three Western States at least could be trusted to act on a telegraphic message. In a week the North would be marching for the second time on Baltimore, and the issue of the great contest would once again be committed to the decision of the sword.

For, the President, compelled by the inexorable logic of his position, would, it was known, support Mr. Swann's authority with the whole force at his disposal. He could do nothing else. Mr. Swann had done nothing but what Mr. Johnson himself would have done in a similar position, and if the President allowed him to be defeated, he himself was deposed by anticipation. Besides, he is President of the United States, bound to obey a legal requisition, to aid in putting down an insurrection; and he would have done it, even if the North would have been next day in open revolt against his own authority. Whether he could have done it is another question. He has, however, troops in Washington, and they might have sufficed if they obeyed, aided by the popular feeling of Maryland, to garrison Baltimore. They might not have thought the crisis great enough to justify disobedience, and would be guided probably by General Grant, whose sense of discipline is believed to be unaffected by politics. In no case could Baltimore have been held a fortnight, the "American Army," half a million strong, being Northern to the core, and provided by the State organization with perfect means of assembling; but if Mr. Johnson had held the city a day, civil war would have been inevitable, and had the contest gone on, he must have tried to hold it.

We are not sure it is not inevitable now. It appears from a telegram of the 6th November that the immediate difficulty has been removed, probably by the submission of Mr. Swann—for Reuter would have announced that of the Liberals—but the same dilemma may at any moment recur. The nation wills a revolution which individual States do not approve, and the Constitution is based on the idea that nation and States will in serious matters pull very nearly together. Consequently, the revolution to succeed must in reality march over the Constitution, and the problem for the legalists, that is for five-sixths of all Americans, is to keep the breach from being perceived, to invent, in fact, some "war-power," or other constitutional fiction, which will cover the revolutionary but righteous reality. Should this ever become impossible, the Union will, they feel, be adrift towards unknown possibilities, and the strongest proof the North has yet given of its fidelity to its great cause is its decision, rather than fail, to risk this drifting. Labour must be free throughout the continent, even if the Constitution, which born Americans believe to be divine, is openly set at naught.

POPE HENNESSY *VERSUS* BRIGHT.

MR. POPE HENNESSY knows how to defend himself, and in a speech to the Wexford electors has just struck Mr. Bright, as he modestly observes, "as fair a hit as he can," in return for the English orator's rather severe attack at the Dublin dinner. Mr. Bright said in his recent speech in Dublin, "There is a gentleman now a candidate for an Irish county, who is very great upon the wrongs of Poland; but I have found him always in the House of Commons taking side with that great party which has supported systematically the wrongs of Ireland." That is strictly true; for however successful Mr. Hennessy has been in showing his own activity and energy on all Irish questions, and his steady adherence to the view of those questions most popular in Ireland, he seldom lost an opportunity of playing into Lord Derby's hands, and that occasionally even in a way that struck a hard blow at the Roman Catholic cause in its recoil,—as when he made a very adroit speech on the Tory side in favour of the Oxford tests, quoting Dr. Newman's statement that Catholics regarded the English Establishment as a useful breakwater against infidelity, at the very time when the question of abolishing the unpopular test oath for Roman Catholics in Parliament was under agitation, and bitterly resisted by his Tory allies. Mr. Bright did not deny, and most likely did not mean for a moment to deny, that Mr. Hennessy had voted in favour of anything likely to be popular in Ireland, — Mr. Hennessy knew the uncertainty of his seat too well to omit swinging the censer before the various transformations of the old cry for "justice to Ireland." All Mr. Bright said was that Mr. Hennessy worked hard and systematically to injure the Liberal party and the Liberal Government, and ignored the fact that he was undoing with one hand what he was doing with the other, since Lord Derby and the party whom he supported have frustrated every great attempt to satisfy the fair demands of the Irish people, and even now are crying out that they appeal to the Irish squirearchy,—the most narrow and unpopular body in Ireland,—to help them govern the country. Granting, therefore, all Mr. Hennessy says of the efforts which he made in detail to obtain small privileges for Ireland, granting, for instance, that he made Herculean efforts to prevent Irish whisky from paying as high a tax as English or Scotch spirits, that he put his shoulder to the wheel to forward the Galway packet job,—granting that in deference to the Irish Poor Law Unions he supported Mr. Henley's amendment for the total abolition of the law of settlement, which was intended, as almost every one at least believed at the time, to defeat, by caricaturing Mr. Villiers' great reform, and not to extend it,—granting that Mr. Hennessy was always opposed to the policy of free trade for Ireland, and in favour of a lower taxation in Ireland than in any other part of the United Kingdom, and eager to promote all other unwholesome devices for petting a land which only needs wisdom and justice, — yet while he objected thus vigorously and ostentatiously to ask Ireland to bear her allotted share of the common burdens of the Empire, he always diligently cherished the root of the tree which yielded Irish discontent, in giving all his support to the Tory party. Well does Mr. Hennessy know,—as last session only too plainly proved,—that the Tory landlordism will never concede anything satisfactory to the Irish tenant farmers. Well does he know that the Tory Protestantism will never, while it can help it, allow the Irish Protestant Establishment to be touched by any sacrilegious hand. Indeed, Mr. Pope Hennessy is always anxious to explain how little the Irish Catholics care about the Protestant Establishment as compared with other injuries. So while endeavouring with much show of patriotism to prune away every little twig of Irish grievance, he did not object to occupy himself during the whole of the last Parliament in carefully digging about and dunging the parent tree,—already prolific enough,—on which, in season and out of season, rich clusters of grievances have been found always ripe for many generations.

There is something impressive in the contrast suggested between Mr. Hennessy's clever, adroit, defensive, aggression on Mr. Bright, and Mr. Bright's quite unprovoked, perfectly disinterested, heavy side-blow at Mr. Hennessy. They certainly treat Ireland after a very different fashion. As Mr. Hennessy justly intimated, though a popular agitator, Mr. Bright is not an elastic, adaptable man. He is not one who ever goes out of his way to sacrifice a class-prejudice to a popular cause. He opposed the Ten Hours' Bill as bitterly as any man in 1845; he has always resisted measures that interfere with capitalists in the interest of their labourers, with some acrimony; "he carried his class feelings even below the surface of the earth, and when the Mines' Regulation Bill was before Parliament, he and his class would not give the smallest help to the miner to get better ventilation or greater safety from accidents." Mr. Bright struggles for the political rights of the people, but is for leaving them alone to fight out their own battles with their employers. What he does in England he is disposed to do in Ireland. He passes by with a sort of scorn, —often very mistaken scorn,—the various proposals to 'soothe' Ireland. As Mr. Hennessy observes, he has not taken much interest in motions for committees to inquire into tenant-right or the minutiæ of Irish taxation. He has not cared to support general resolutions expressing the regret of the House at the stream of Irish emigration, and pledging the Government generally to find reproductive employment for Irish labour and Irish capital. He has not supported the dockyard for Cork harbour. He has not wept over the abandoned whisky distilleries. He has not voted for public works on the Shannon. He has looked upon these things, and others, like tenant-right Acts, much more important, as he looked upon the Ten Hours' Bill, and many other measures both really and only apparently favourable to the English working class,—as a kind of sugar-plum legislation, which it was beneath a great Radical politician to support, and often not beneath him to dislike and oppose. Whether he sees truly the political root of popular misery is another matter,—he seems to us often to miss it,—but when he thinks he sees it, he cares only to strike at it, and scorns mere palliatives. If the people like to adopt his burning words about radical political cures, well and good; if not, and their hearts are fixed on what he thinks feeble palliatives or positive aggravations of the mischief, they may take their own way; he will not even catch a cheer by adapting himself to their state of mind. There never was in the political world a more sturdy agitator,—one who took his cue less from the crowds who listen to him. He will despise even valuable and necessary remedial measures, merely because they look at the first glimpse more benevolent than just. He will not "cocker up" any nation or class. He will demand even savagely and imperiously what he holds to be their rights, and then upbraid them even indignantly if they try to use their rights to secure what he thinks unfair advantages over their fellows. Thus, in Ireland, he threw down his two suggestions,—abolition of the Protestant Establishment and subdivision of the land,—and said not a word of anything else,—nothing of little comfortable and consolatory jobs,—nothing even of what would have been statesman-like enough, did he only see it, concession to the fair (if unwise) demands of the Irish Catholics for a separate school and University education. It would be impossible to woo Irish popularity in a more imperious manner than Mr. Bright. 'There,' he virtually says, 'are two radical reforms which I think are wanted to root up your grievances. Take them, if you will, and do the rest for yourselves.'

No wonder that sort of Irish policy does not seem a very successful line to Mr. Pope Hennessy, who thinks he knows the true *lie* of the situation and its emergencies better. He is just of the opposite kind of agitator,—the spokesman of a class who do not wish the Irish people to help themselves, so much as to make them dependent on others. This is the secret of Mr. Pope Hennessy's Toryism. He is aware that the Papal policy is to keep nations in leading-strings, and that to do this you must, if possible, effect a combination between the ecclesiastical leaders and the lords of the soil. As he left no stone unturned in 1862-3 to prove,—what he utterly failed in proving,—that Italy was suffering physically from the end of the paternal system, so he seeks to prevent Ireland from ever tasting the feeling of true self-dependence in either secular or spiritual affairs. But to this end it is necessary, while rivetting as far as possible the yoke of the Roman Catholic faith and of the great landlords on Ireland, to prune away as far as possible all the symptoms which spring from these two roots; so while Tory to the heart in his general policy, while denouncing any interference with the laws of primogeniture and entail in Ireland almost as bitterly as he denounces interference with the secular power of the Pope, he does all he can to soothe the Irish on minor matters,—to advocate Galway packets, and Cork and Shannon works, in Ireland,—a differential tariff in favour of Ireland,—concessions to Irish prejudices on the law of marriage and divorce,—in short, everything in the shape of sugar for Ireland. He catches with great ability the exact shade of every sentiment of the popular mind. He feels the under-current of Irish sympathy with

France, and echoes it boldly enough. He flatters the Irish for their devotion to the Pope, and foments the Irish enthusiasm for the cause of Roman Catholic Poland. He brought, when in the House, the chief individual cases of Irish distress and trouble before Parliament with force and parade. He was very shrewd and active in putting questions about minutiæ which embarrassed the Government. In short, he was almost always prominent in minor questions on the Irish side, which brought him a great deal more credit in that easily pleased and easily offended country, than a steady prosecution of fundamental reforms, and greater negligence on superficial questions. On all showy questions that were not practical or not practicable Mr. Pope Hennessy was ever foremost, and also on many small measures that were both practical and practicable, though not always sound. In short, Mr. Pope Hennessy seems to us, we confess, after considering carefully his very clever, too clever, *apologia pro vitâ suâ*, a very dangerous sort of representative for Ireland,—one always ready to propose a mischievous superficial remedy which catches the fancy of Ireland, and always bitterly opposed to any policy that makes the Irish really self-dependent. Mr. Bright no doubt is not the man ever to gain a wide-spread popularity in Ireland, but it would be a good omen for the Irish if he could. Vehement and violent as he often is, frequently unreasonable, almost always prejudiced, he yet never studies popular vanities or mere interests, and will never lead by tact and stratagem where he cannot win the confidence of eager conviction.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

LORD NAPIER'S report on the famine in Ganjam, published on Friday, is one of the ablest papers which has ever reached England from the Indian Empire. His Lordship, it will be remembered, when once convinced that famine was impending, did not retreat to his Hill palace on the Neilgherries, but went himself among his people, stirring up the officials, consulting with the Zemindars, and providing for the people. He found that the scarcity did not cover any vast population, only 240,000, and of these only 120,000 were suffering from actual starvation. Still, though only 3 per cent. of the number menaced in Bengal, Lord Napier thought that, being British subjects, he might as well save them, and like a skilful ruler he first brigaded the army of misery.

"The population may be divided into four categories:—1. The ryots. 2. The coolies, or people without land, engaged in rural labour. 3. The mendicant, vagrant, outcast, or criminal class. 4. The small traders and mechanics in the towns. Of these classes, the ryots are the most meritorious and the most to be pitied. They have suffered with great resignation and self-respect. The decency of their caste prevents them from appearing at the relief houses as sharers of promiscuous charity. The necessities of agricultural labour bind them to their holdings and homes, where it is difficult to search them out. There can be no doubt of the extremities of distress which they have endured and still endure. Some of the Ooryah cottages I have myself visited, where destitution and starvation might be seen in every pathetic and terrible form. The same story was told by the multitudes of persons gathering a precarious and unwholesome sustenance from half edible roots, berries, and leaves, of which Mr. Forbes, the collector, possesses a variety of specimens. The miserable condition of whole villages was attested by the emaciated appearance of their leading inhabitants, sent in numerous deputations to solicit help from the collector at Chetterpore. The roads were full of wretched creatures prostrated on the earth. In many places I was pursued by clamorous crowds, which might be likened to flocks of skeletons or ghosts. To an unpractised European eye, the distinction between the ryot in his ordinary garb, or ordinary nakedness, and the landless labourer is scarcely perceptible; but there is no doubt that the substantial ryot, especially on Government lands, feels his social elevation as much as the farmer in England. It was pitiable to see the reduction and ruin of an industrious order of men, invested in primitive forms with all the duties and obligations of property, and to reflect that nothing less than a succession of prosperous seasons, combined with considerate usage on the part of the Revenue Department, can restore these people to physical vigour and material welfare. While the peasant farmer starves, his cattle thrive. Repeated showers had fallen in the country, and the forage was abundant. The Hindoo peasant will perish by hunger beside a fat bullock. The prescriptions of superstition, which appear cruel to the individual, are conservative for the community; and the preservation of the labouring cattle secures the power of cultivation, and the sources of future life and wealth. It may sound harsh and sad to say so, but in India it is more easy to replace a man than an ox. The chastisements of nature are rarely universal. There will still be some feature of consolation and promise. In the condition of the live stock I saw the 'attenuating circumstance' of the Ganjam famine. It was reported that the pastoral ryots, who would under no pressure kill their cows, drink the blood of their living goats, and reserve the animals for successive depletions.

"Mixed with the settled and industrious population of the Indian village, whose morals are not worse than those of any other people, and whose habits and actions are governed by inflexible social and religious laws, there exist vile and criminal castes or miscellaneous outcasts, objects of propitiation, aversion, and fear to the other inhabitants. A numerous tribe of this sort resi le in Ganjam, called Dundassis, who are both hereditary thieves and hereditary detectives, levying in either quality contributions from the villagers. They do some menial services; they practise some casual industry in the jungles; they live on carrion; and do not scruple to eat the flesh of the sacred animal—in fact, they are apt to steal and kill him. The whole of these people seemed to fasten upon the relief houses, in part, no doubt, from destitution, but, in part, from their habits of idleness and mendicancy. They appeared in general the least emaciated of the miserable assemblage, offering a vexatious contrast to the labouring classes who sat beside them, and to the ryots who stood afar off. I need scarcely add that the aged, infirm, deformed, and helpless persons who live in ordinary times by begging from door to door, the poorer parasites of the poor, had all recourse, under present circumstances, to the charity of the State."

The third class, the coolie or labourer, suffered more than all; but he can emigrate, and could be drawn towards the rice depots. The first class could not be reached directly, but Lord Napier devised the means of relieving all, at least in some degree,—the peasants by remissions of taxation, by employment on public works, and by distributions of uncooked grain; the coolies by hospital room, food, and medicine; and the wanderers by daily doles. Fourteen relief houses were established, and of these the Governor personally visited ten, a work of benevolence to which only those who know Ganjam can do adequate justice, the mere sight of their ruler stimulating both officials and people till one Zemindar maintained 2,000 tenants, refusing Government aid; till the soldiery of a native regiment actually organized a system of relief out of their own pay, an incident absolutely without a parallel. So efficacious were the means adopted, that on the 5th of October Lord Napier was enabled to report that "the number of persons of all classes receiving relief may be roughly stated at 25,000. Up to the time of my departure from the country about 1,600 persons were officially reported to have died of starvation. Many unknown wanderers have probably perished in the woods and byways. The deaths from debility and disease caused by insufficient nourishment have been numerous, but they will never be traced or recorded." That number is certainly threefold the number officially reported, or say, including deaths after the Governor's departure, 5,000 persons. Then, as 120,000, the number menaced in Ganjam, is to 6,000,000, the number in Orissa and the adjacent districts, so is 5,000 to the number certainly dead there of starvation. In other words, 250,000 is the lowest conceivable estimate of deaths from starvation in Orissa. But this low proportion was only secured in Ganjam, where the Governor did his duty in person, where he spent 40,000*l.*, or 7*s.* 6*d.* a head for each man menaced with death, and where the famine was indefinitely less severe. In Orissa, where the Lieutenant-Governor did nothing personally, where the expenditure has not exceeded 4*d.* a head, and where inundation increased the severity of famine, it is neither wonderful nor improbable that half the population should have perished.

Lord Napier carries the secret commission as Viceroy always given in India since the mutinies, and the sooner it becomes a public one the better for our subjects. Had he, "the ignorant English Peer," as Indian civilians always describe a Governor not of their own sacred caste, been absolute ruler, and the "experienced" civilian the Governor of Madras, the 120,000 might have perished, but the two millions would unquestionably have been saved.

SECOND-HAND BIGOTRY.

THE feeblest and foolishest form of bigotry yet discovered has broken out in an exceedingly unlikely place,—University College, London. That institution has always hitherto been evil spoken of by Oxford and Cambridge bigots for giving any academic instruction irrespective of religion, and especially for declining to give instruction in those branches of knowledge in which, like the history of the Christian Church, or of the Reformation, or Moral philosophy, it is impossible to teach at all without some estimate of the tendencies of religious belief. This has been, no doubt, to some extent a really well founded objection. A college which cannot teach modern history as a whole, lest it should injure some religious prejudice, or ethics lest it should encroach upon faith, is a teaching body in a state of partial paralysis. But in spite of this, the concession thus made has secured some positive advantages. As all subjects on which religious prejudice was thought possible had been excluded from the list of subjects, it was held that the College might always choose its professors for their qualifications alone. There is now, we believe, a professor of Hebrew who is a Rabbi, if not the Chief Rabbi of the London Jewish synagogues. There has been, if there is not now, a Mahometan professor of Arabic. There has been one occupant of the chair of (mutilated) history who was a minister and a shining

light in the Independent body, and the present professor is, we believe, a distinguished Comtist. The last occupant of the chair of mental philosophy and logic, a man of great attainments, Dr. Hoppus, was, before he taught in University College, if not afterwards, a minister of some orthodox Presbyterian body. In short, the one equivalent for excluding the subjects that involve religious difference from the curriculum of University College altogether, has been hitherto that on all other subjects the Council have been quite free to choose the very best men they could get, without reference to either their religious opinions or external engagements. That advantage seems now to be no longer enjoyed by University College, London, and to have been forfeited for the most vulgar reasons. Not many months ago, on the resignation of Dr. Hoppus, the professor of intellectual philosophy and logic, the Council advertised the vacancy, putting, of course, no restrictions on the class of applicants, for hitherto it had been the very principle of the College that no such restrictions should be imposed. Amongst the applicants was one man of the highest philosophical genius, whose metaphysical essays are read with eagerness by all who read on English psychology and metaphysics at all, and who has devoted a life-time to a study in which breadth of reading and an intellect practised in classifying the delicate discriminations of psychology and logic are of the first importance. This gentleman, the Rev. James Martineau, has, however, the misfortune to be a Unitarian minister. No one who knew University College supposed for a moment that this could make any difference, not only because, all dogmatic ethics being excluded from the subject of the chair, there would not be any room for even a Roman Catholic priest or a pure sceptic to offend the religious convictions of students, to whatever faith they might belong, but because it had hitherto been the pride of the College to rely in its selection on evidence of attainment, teaching power, and ability, alone, and in this case all three were present in the highest possible degree. The testimonials sent into the Council were, as usual, submitted to the Senate,—the body of professors,—and the result was a unanimous recommendation of this distinguished metaphysician by the Senate for the chair.

But now, when the question came again before the Council, an objection was raised in that body on account of the ministerial character of the proposed professor. It was not objected that Mr. Martineau is a Unitarian, which is admitted on all hands to be a matter of which such a body as University College could take no notice, — but that he is so well *known* as a Unitarian, so widely *advertised* as such, in consequence of his pulpit reputation. The form taken by the objection was this:—"No doubt this is far the best man for the office; no doubt there are no other candidates even probable who would have half the learning, the expository genius, the subtlety of analysis, and teaching power which Mr. Martineau is known to possess; no doubt, again, his Unitarianism cannot really affect his lectures on intellectual philosophy or logic, any more than his predecessor's lectures were affected by his orthodox Presbyterianism, not so much as the Hebrew lectures might be affected by the Jewish convictions of the Hebrew professor; all this we admit, but there is a tiresome impression prevalent abroad that University College is a nest of sceptics and Unitarians, and it would tend to add to that ignorant prejudice against us, if we elected a man, however eminent, so well advertised as a Unitarian, to another chair. It is far better, therefore, to take a worse man who is not vaguely associated with something dangerous, than a man of genius and singular power who is." In other words, bigotry, having taken its flight in University College, the respect for other persons' bigotry steps into its place, and is actually more imperious in its demands, more ignorant and tyrannical in what it exacts from its votaries, than religious bigotry itself. It is *more* exacting than the orthodox opinion it dreads, for we happen to know that the president of at least one highly orthodox religious college, and that of the greatest repute, was sincerely anxious for Mr. Martineau's election, and scouted the idea that that election would be offensive to orthodox feelings. But the Council of University College have so much more respect for the convictions which they do not share, than for the convictions which they do, that by a majority of ten to eight they rejected, without assigning any reason, the advice sent them by by the Senate, and virtually declared Mr. Martineau an unfit person for the chair. The reason for this unfair course,—for unfair it was, no previous notice being given that any fear of religious or professional disqualification existed at all, to reject a man of the highest eminence without a reason, thereby leaving it to be assumed that he was not up to the standard required by the College,—was obvious. To have expressly assigned the real ground,—that his denominational reputation would have been damaging to the College, would have laid the Council open to the censure of a proprietors' meeting, which was not likely to have concurred in any such piece of vulgar regard for the prejudices of others. In fact, the vote could probably only have been gained by combining all opponents, without *committing* any of them; and either to have put the real reason in evidence, or to have substituted any other,—we doubt if there *were* any other, except, perhaps, philosophical prejudices on the part of some of the members of the Council, who probably thought Mr. Martineau's philosophy too spiritual, and not sufficiently of the Sensational school,—would have lost many votes. Hence the Council are reduced, by their abject fear of the religious Mrs. Grundy, to the injustice of simply rejecting without reason assigned,—and apparently, therefore, on his merits,—a man universally admitted, as we believe, to be quite beyond the calibre which that or any other college can command at the present day in metaphysical power,—a thinker of the calibre of Hamilton and Mill,—far above the calibre of Mansel and Bain.

In faith, as our readers are aware, neither of the editors of this journal nor the present writer are in agreement with Mr. Martineau. Indeed, we have always held his noble and spiritual moral philosophy (which even if he had wished, he could not have *taught*) to point clearly to what we regard as a higher form of Christian faith. We write, therefore, not as adherents of Mr. Martineau, but from love of a much abused and little praised College, to which, nevertheless, the present writer feels a deep debt of gratitude. That University College, abjuring bigotry of its own, should be beginning just now,—when Mr. Maurice is elected in spite of the shrieks of the *Record* to the chair of moral philosophy at Cambridge, and Mr. Jowett is at last properly paid for his Greek professorship at Oxford,—to inculcate a servile regard to the bigotry of others,—that after mutilating its curriculum so as to provide against the danger of sectarian teaching, it should refuse to place the best teacher it can find in the chair of any one professorship, lest an imaginary public should feel a blind alarm for which there is no foundation,—is to us, we confess, a sign of pitiable weakness. Honest bigotry is a respectable passion, often arising as much out of faith as fear; but cringing to the possible bigotries of others is a line of policy for which no human being can feel any emotion but contempt. The filling up of a vacant chair in a college is a great trust, which ought to be discharged with a single eye to one thing, and one thing alone,—the advantage of the taught. When it is known that University College, professing no other criterion, is limiting itself by deferring to the shadow cast by the ignorant superstitions of *possible* bigots,—with the very probable result of obtaining a teacher far more likely to excite distrust in the eyes of the real public than the one whom the Council have rejected,—we think most men will form the rather wise conclusion that the secular principle there is breaking down miserably, and will prefer to send their sons to a college like King's College, which honestly and professedly imposes a religious test on its teachers, than to one which happily secures all the disadvantages of the principle of liberty, while throwing all its advantages away.

LATENT HEAT IN NATIONS.

THERE is perhaps no section of this journal which excites so much comment among our habitual readers as that which contains the letters of our American Correspondent. At least one-half of them simply hate them, read them week after week with an angry consciousness that here is the very thing which of all others they most detest, because it is the only thing they fear, the "Americanization" of Liberalism, concrete and embodied. We have known a Liberal member of Parliament, a man democratic on points to the toes of his boots, saturated in every mental fibre with Liberalism, declare that he would rather live in China than under such principles, and another tear the page across with vicious expletives upon our folly in publishing such rubbish. Of the half who do not hate the letters a large section still pronounce them annoying, and probably not one man in ten enjoys them, except for the remarkable literary power they occasionally display. People don't as a rule enjoy sarsaparilla. For ourselves, we do not wonder one whit at the feeling the letters excite, for we sometimes share it. Though headed as from "our own correspondent" to give them individuality, they are not the production of any one occupying the position usually so defined, not the writing of anybody rayed out from this office to collect in the best way he can things acceptable to the journal and its readers. They are the writings of an American gentleman, if Tories will allow of the existence of such a phenomenon, who looks like a Guardsman and talks like an Oxford man, who says what he has to say as he chooses to say

it, because he chooses to say it, and does not care one straw whether the *Spectator* or the British public approve his sayings or not. We don't, very often, and it is because we do not, because something in the letters often jars and frets the nerves of our own minds, that we continue publishing them. Upon many economical questions "A Yankee" seems to us to write nonsense, upon most political questions he is at heart a Unionist Democrat; while we do not care two straws for the Union *per se*, and simply detest the Democratic party; and upon the great social question of the Union—the equality of race—he is hopelessly unsound. But he is, without exception, the most thoroughly and perfectly American of all able men who ever wrote by each mail to the people of this country. A rowdy or two has written once or twice to express the genuine rowdy idea of American politics, but as an American gentleman, a man who, keenly interested in politics, is as far from a "politician" as Lord Derby is from being a place-hunter, "A Yankee" stands absolutely alone. We called him once, we remember, an Englishman in shirt-sleeves, but the expression was a mistake. That subtle something which is the essence of nationality, which makes an Englishman a different being from a Frenchman born and bred in England, which enables one to distinguish a true Yankee from a true Englishman at a glance, is in his brain and his style. It is only from the writings of such men that Englishmen are ever likely to understand Americans, only through them that the cultivated classes of the two countries can ever come into intelligent communication. To understand America it is needful to understand not what the New York mob thinks about any subject, but what the typical American of the class corresponding to the one which has produced the reader thinks when he is thinking aloud. The "Yankee" does think aloud, sometimes quite unconsciously, does represent precisely the class to which our readers chiefly belong, and the less therefore he thinks like them—provided the dissimilarity is not intentional,—the more valuable his teaching is. Why should he think like them, any more than Eugène Pelletan, or E. Forcade, or R. Bonghi, or Dr. Fröbel, or any one of the dozen Continental publicists whom Englishmen read every day, and with whom, not expecting to find their own ideas exactly reflected, they are not annoyed?

Look at the letter we publish this week, an elaborate and eloquent defence of the American passion for Protection. Has that passion, for it is one, ever been so explained in an English journal? We have heard enough and to spare of the manufacturing interests, and State interests, and labour interests involved in the matter; but of the real American idea, the instinct or delusion which prompts men who can see the economic truth to shut their eyes to it, we have heard nothing. Every observer saw that some feeling must exist to sustain so much argumentative wrongheadedness, just as in England it was sustained by a feeling that Protection was the tax paid by the people for the needful existence of a landed aristocracy, which could not otherwise be maintained, only we could never get at it in any definite form. The "Yankee" puts it in one, and we believe, from all we have ever observed, puts it truly, and his statement amounts to this. The bulwark of Protection in America is a belief, diffused among the whole ruling class of freeholders, that without it America would assume her natural position as a great producing country occupied by a single class, while they want it to be occupied by many,—would become a country of a simple civilization, while they want it to be one of a complex. Society would be natural, whereas they want it to be highly artificial.

The Americans are all wrong, as wrong as women would be who, asserting that dress can aid beauty, drew thence the deduction that tight lacing and art in dress were mutually indispensable. Protection no more multiplies the forms of industry or of social life than confinement in a pipe multiplies the ripples of a stream. All it does is to divert men away from the novel and untried forms of industry and social life to those which are old enough to have a bounty put upon them, to make men in England who would be engineers agriculturists, to make men in America who would be the pioneers of invention toilers in the trades where the State pays for conservatism. Vast inequalities of condition Protection can produce, for under it a huge volume of taxation pours yearly into very few pockets, till Mr. A. Stewart can make a million sterling a year; but varieties it does not produce. Compresses never do, except varieties of deformity; but our purpose is not to discuss the old Protectionist questions. Let the dead bury their dead is or ought to be the first principle of ephemeral literature, and what we want to point to to-day is the evidence this letter affords of the power which a nation derives from clear self-consciousness, from *willing* its own ends, instead of merely drifting towards them. The "Yankee's" statement, if it is true, and we believe it to be so, involves this grand result, that the majority of Northerners, being freeholders and interested in an unprotected produce, voluntarily tax themselves enormously rather than all shall be as they, rather than reduce their civilization, as they think, to a dull uniformity. In other words, a whole people can by dint of argument get themselves into a mood in which they will determinately seek a great end, for multiform civilization is a great end, the greatest but one of earthly political ends, in the teeth of their immediate selfish interests. Just think for a moment of the *power* such a state of mind must of necessity develop, a whole nation willing one thing, and prepared for adequate sacrifices. Nobody can estimate it, for there are no analogies. No nation has ever anywhere willed anything so, has ever possessed a people every individual of whom was prepared for a purely prosaic end deliberately to sacrifice his interests to an idea. No nation, in fact, hitherto has ever been in the position in which its masses could form such a decision,—could look, unless when moved by the ideas of religion or freedom, the fear of hell, or the fear of an enemy, fairly beyond themselves. Suppose, for example, Englishmen universally or in vast majority to will, each man separately and finally, that to change the British population into an educated population was better than to prosper, how long would the obstacles we think so great last? We should accomplish the object in one generation. In thirty years these islands would be occupied by thirty millions of people, each one of whom would be as competent to form an intelligent opinion on any subject as an average member of Parliament,—a phenomenon which has never existed, of which we could not pretend to foresee the results, but which there is no doubt whatever would produce results greater than any the world has ever yet seen. Or take a much more vulgar illustration. We think our national debt something quite beyond control, more like sin and death than any burden imposed by human agency. But suppose every one of our people honestly to will that there should be an end of it, will it enough to submit, say, to the sacrifices of a severe war for the purpose? Well, a two-shilling income-tax produces at present 30,000,000*l.* a year. But the income of those who do not pay it is equal to the income of those who do, and we are talking of the whole people. A tax of that amount stretched over the whole by willing people would amount to 60,000,000*l.*, and would pay the debt in twelve years, or rather, by applying the saved interest, in nine. But suppose willingness to go a little further, to the cessation, say of expenditure on liquor, 60,000,000*l.* more, the debt would disappear in five years. After that the mere saving of the annual interest now paid on debt would rehouse England, or extinguish pauperism, or develop a municipal life as stately as that of Middle-Age Italy, or cover England with works of art, or accomplish almost any one of the philanthropists' dreams. Or take a more brutal illustration still, perhaps a better one, because something like it has happened once or twice. The Army is a great difficulty, but suppose the whole people to will that when required it would have an Army, to will it as strongly as Americans did, or say so strongly that each fit man was willing to serve for the time needful? How many armies should we have in a month, each bigger than our own? It is an awful business, pauperism, quite a hopeless one, it is said, but mere volition strong enough to induce us all to save one-eighth of our liquor expenditure would, without more toil, or new resources, or any decrease in the labour fund, pay the whole poor-rate.

It is quite unnecessary to multiply examples. There is nothing which a numerous nation can want to do, which it cannot do if it have but a universal and settled will to do it, and we assume the impossibility of such will far too soon. It is quite possible, it is extremely probable, that as education increases, and the distances between minds lessen, and intercommunication becomes more and more rapid, that the perfect volition which already exists on some points should extend or reach down to others. For example, there was a real volition, an intelligent willing of nearly the whole population of Great Britain, that cost what it might, Napoleon should not build up an universal monarchy. Consequently, we found we had power to perform the most difficult perhaps of earthly tasks, to conquer a power threefold our superior in military resources. Suppose just the same amount of volition applied to the rebuilding of our towns, or the organization of labour, or the extinction of paupers,—and why not? Suppose the Peers and the Members could do those things out of their own pockets, with no enormous sacrifice, they would be done. And why should not a nation reach a condition in which unanimity is as possible throughout it as it is now in Parliament or in a joint-stock company, or a club, or a missionary association? We think financial science almost ex-

hausted. Why, mere willingness to be taxed, mere intelligent consent, like that, say, of most clergymen, would in an instant revolutionize our whole ideas of finance. Such a phenomenon does exist in the Union in sufficient working strength, and Americans consequently are paying off their huge debt as coolly as squires pay off a drainage loan. We think pauperism insuperable, but suppose the nation to will not to take alms in only the same degree as, for example, the Baronetage wills it? A volition common to six hundred persons may become common to six millions, and where, then, would be the difficulty? We can never, it is asserted, extinguish crime; but just suppose the whole people to will that it would not murder or steal as strongly as teetotallers will that they will not drink? So far from thinking common volition among a whole people improbable, we believe it to be only too likely; think, with John Stuart Mill, that a similarity of will among the whole nation is probable enough to be a danger lest the will should crush us all into immutable crystals. We may all will one day to be polite as strongly as men, say, at the Athenæum, will it, and England would instantly be unrecognizable. It is all a dream, perhaps, but volition accomplishes rare things occasionally; and it is, at all events, certain that in the possibility of new volitions, there is a possibility of new forces as strong and grand in their action as those of nature.

FREE TRADE AND DEMOCRACY.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

New York, October 19, 1866.

Some time ago the *Spectator* said, "The democracies seem to be all going wrong upon the question of Free Trade." As far at least as this democracy is concerned the *Spectator* was correct from its point of view—that Free Trade is right and Protection wrong. Upon the same subject, at about the same time, the *Saturday Review* said, "The profound ignorance of political economy which prevails in the United States explains the subservience of the Legislature to private interests." In this I venture to say that the *Saturday Review* was no nearer the truth than it was in its repeated announcement that whatever should be the end of our civil war, the end of the Federal war debt would be repudiation. Whether the policy of the United States in regard to Free Trade be right or wrong, it has been adopted not only with open eyes by a people which is generally admitted to be moderately capable of looking after its own interests, but after a very thorough and exhaustive discussion of the subject by men who have made political economy a study, and also by politicians and journalists before the great mass of the people. So far is it untrue that a profound ignorance of political economy prevails in this country, that the assertion might be safely made that in no other country is there so generally diffused an acquaintance with the arguments which have been brought forward on both sides of this question of Free Trade at least, from the time of Adam Smith to that of Bastiat. It would be difficult to find, I believe, the argument for Free Trade presented more comprehensively, more compactly, and with greater force, than in Mr. Arthur Latham Perry's *Elements of Political Economy*, he being Professor of Political Economy in Williams' College, Massachusetts. The battle on this question has been going on here fiercely for more than a generation between the majority and a large and very able minority; and it appears to us that for a nation which has so very recently taken its place unequivocally upon the side of Free Trade as Great Britain to assign ignorance upon the subject as the reason of our adherence to the Protective system is, to say the least, somewhat amusing. There is a Free Trade League here, the primary object of which is to disseminate information on the principles of political economy, with special reference to their practical application to Free Trade. The President of this League is Mr. Bryant, one of our ablest and most trusted publicists; and its first Vice-President is Mr. David Dudley Field, who has performed with such credit the chief part of the labour in the codification of the laws of the State of New York, and who now represents us in the Social Science Congress.

Free Trade, however, has never been regarded with favour by the people who really rule this country, and who now rule it more than ever, the freeholders of the late Free States and of the northern tier of the late Slave States. The question is regarded somewhat thus. The mass of the intelligent people see, of course, that most of the premisses from which the Free Traders argue are sound. At least I never knew them to be seriously disputed here, except in the *Tribune*, which is as rabid upon the question of Protection as it is upon many others, That every man has a natural right to sell the product of his labour in the best market and to spend the proceeds as he pleases,—that a free exchange of the products of labour is one of the first desiderata in political economy,—that all taxation, whether direct or indirect, for the benefit of special classes is unjust,—that the more a nation imports the greater will be the encouragement of home industry, because of the employment furnished to those who must produce the commodities exported in exchange for those which are imported,—that a people will be most enriched in money and goods by engaging in those occupations for which it has advantages over other peoples,—that exchanges of commodities thus produced are beneficial to both parties,—and that, therefore, although there is a balance of trade in the sense of a difference of value in goods exchanged which may have to be settled by the payment of money, there is no such advantageous balance of trade as was sought for under the old so-called mercantile system,—and that Free trade is natural, simple, and in a certain sense cheap, and Protection artificial, complicated, and in a certain sense dear—these propositions, and all the corollaries dependent upon them, I suppose that few intelligent people here will deny. But is not, I think you will ask, to admit all this to admit implicitly that Free Trade is the correct economical system, especially in a democratic country, where the denial of privilege and the freedom of the individual are at the foundation of the political system? Not at all, say the Protectionists, the advocates of what thirty years ago was called the American system; and for these reasons. The question of natural right is not paramount; we are not living in a state of nature. Free exchange is a great desideratum, but not the greatest. Taxation for the benefit of special classes is unjust; but Protection taxes only for the benefit of the whole; and whatever benefit special classes derive from it on the one hand, or lose by it on the other, is but incidental. Large imports make large demands upon home industry for payment, and peoples will acquire the greatest material wealth by confining themselves to occupations for which they have peculiar advantages; but neither the mere industrious employment of time, nor the acquirement of material wealth, is the first aim of our system of political economy. The Chinese are industrious, so are British farm labourers, colliers, and cutlers; and China gets all the silver in the world, while Great Britain increases her enormous wealth year by year. We seek something more than such industry and such wealth. Free trade is simple; so is despotism. No system so simple as "Do this, and he doeth it," but we prefer constitutional government, though it be complicated. Free Trade is cheap in a certain sense; so despotism might be; excessive expenditure is not essential to its perfect working, while the constitutional government that we prefer necessarily involves large expenses, and opens the door to great corruption. They would not of course compare Free Trade with despotism, but merely set off the simplicity and cheapness of the one against the simplicity and cheapness of the other. To the odd point so strongly urged by the Free Traders, that to make a man, in consequence of a mere statute, pay a dollar and a half for that which he could otherwise get for one dollar, when the excess goes but in part into the common treasury, is tyranny, robbery; they reply that Government, whether local or national, is continually interfering, tyrannizing, robbing in that manner; that there can be no more manifest right than that of a man to drive his own horse and cart, his own coach, and carry what and whom he pleases, or to carry the letters of his friends and acquaintances about and deliver them; but that Government interferes here, and vexes him with licenses, and fees, and taxes, which those who employ him have really to pay; and, moreover, that it says positively that he shall not, upon any terms, become a postmaster or mail-carrier, except as its servant; and that the money extorted from the people by these means, although paid directly to the Government, is needed by the Government only to pay privileged individuals, who are protected against a competition which might otherwise much cheapen and much better all these services; but nevertheless that Government thus interferes with natural right and exacts money for a very good reason. The fact which Free Traders set forth as so strongly supporting their system, that "labour is best rewarded, other things being equal, in the freest commercial communities," they do not deny or call in question; but they vehemently assert that in our case it is not applicable, for the very good reason that the other things are not equal, but that Free Trade would deprive us of the benefit of our natural advantages of soil, climate, mineral wealth, and mechanical ingenuity, by reason of an artificial inequality, the consequence of a false, oppressive, and artificial state of society in Europe. The other fact presented

with equal confidence by the Free Traders, that since the prevalence of Free Trade in the principal countries of Europe production and commerce have both increased, they set aside as not conclusive. because within that time production of every kind has greatly increased in all highly civilized and commercial countries;—that with Protection our productions have increased enormously, not only our manufactured products, but our grain, cotton, and gold. It is a case of *post hoc non ergo propter hoc*. And to the question whether advantages, of whatever kind, secured by taxation of all, to bring the profits of certain branches of business up to the general standard of profits are wise, they again reply that the question is not merely what is profitable in the way of money, goods, and chattels.

Briefly the question here is this. Is it better, on the whole, for the country, as a whole, to have Protection or Free Trade? That is, putting the question to an individual, is it better for you to get your clothes and tools cheaper with Free Trade, or to be the citizen of a country in which manufacturing is encouraged, but in which the price of clothes and tools is dearer by reason of Protection? The answer thus far has been that it is better to pay more for clothes and tools and to have Protection. Under existing circumstances, the world over, the use of our mere natural advantages, without protection against the artificial conditions of other nations, would reduce us to the production of mere raw materials,—cotton, grain, tobacco, sugar, wool, beef, and pork. Now, the condition of people who are mere producers of raw materials is one to which we do not wish to consign ourselves. Without going out of our own country, we find a warning and an example upon that subject in the condition of the old Slave States. Yet farther, we do not see in the condition of the peoples whose interest now lies in the direction of Free Trade anything to tempt us to follow their example. We, as a people, seek something better, or at least something other, than to get all we can and keep all we get. As individuals, we do that in at least a sufficient degree for thrift; but our national policy shall be such as will elevate the masses of our people. We wish to widen their intellectual life, to give them variety of interests and diversity of employment. This we cannot do if we allow ourselves to be driven as a nation into the coarse agricultural occupation of producing raw material to feed the mouths and the mills of Europe; and into this we should be driven, unless we were protected in some degree at least against the pauper labour of Europe. We know that as individuals we shall always buy the best that we can get for the lowest price; but when we are legislating, we are ready to protect our larger interests against our little needs and cravings. We seek this, and also to bring the producer and the consumer as nearly as possible together, so that the carrier and the middleman may absorb as little as may be of the fruits of our labour. We would not only not have all the farms here and all the mills in Europe, but we would not have all the one in New England and Pennsylvania, and all the other in the West and South; we would see them as nearly as possible side by side all over our country. The people who think thus,—not merely the professional thinkers, the writers and the speakers,—but the reading masses all over the country, the territorial democracy, have a great respect for that varied life and that independence of other communities which is given by diversity of occupation. The impression produced upon them by the march of the 8th Massachusetts Regiment to Washington at the outbreak of the rebellion, when men stepped out of the ranks by dozens to repair engines and to run them, to repair railways, and to work steamers, is one that all Mr. Cobden's speeches and all Mr. Mill's books could not do away. They believe that if it had not been for Protection, and our consequent ability to manufacture what we needed, the rebellion would have prevailed; and they think that they know that the Tredegar Works, near Richmond, were worth more to the rebels than all the arms they got through the blockade from Europe. They are accustomed to see their sons, who are artizans, own the houses they live in, houses neatly and prettily furnished, and graced with books; and this not at the West, but in old towns, where land is as dear and living as high as it is in corresponding places in England. They see these sons thrive, and become themselves men of business, perhaps owners of mills and forges. They believe that this could not be done without Protection; they are confirmed in this belief by the effect in Cornwall of the recent discovery of tin in the East Indies; and therefore they are willing to pay more for the axe, and the plough, and for the railway journey, that our mines, and forges, and factories may not be closed.

It is worthy of note that the Republican party, which was made up of Free-Soil Whigs and Free-Soil Democrats, who united against the encroachments of slavery, is sharply divided upon this question. The former are Protectionists, the latter Free Traders. The former also are the Radical, and the latter the Constitutional Republicans; they do not affect Conservatism, either the name or the thing. It was not the former who elected Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson in 1864, as some writers in England seem to suppose. The Radicals were then strongly against Mr. Lincoln, as Mr. Greeley has recently confessed for himself, and as I know from personal intercourse with them. They thought him too scrupulous, and called him imbecile, although finally they voted for him. Now the Free-Soil Democratic wing of the Republicans advocates Free Trade and opposes the policy of the Radicals in Congress on the same ground—which is with them a cardinal principle—a close limitation of the functions of Government. The Free-Soil Whigs would have had Government aid internal improvement, and foster commerce, literature, and the arts. The Free-Soil Democrats denied its right, particularly the right of the "General Government," under our Constitution, to do anything of this kind, or to interfere for the amelioration of the condition of any particular class or community. One of the declared cardinal principles of the Free Trade League is that "the less Government is felt and seen the better for all concerned," and but the other day the Free-Soil *Evening Post*, edited by Mr. Bryant, President of the League, asked, "Has Government (whose only instrument is force) any right to surpass its narrow legitimate function of enforcing justice and maintaining the liberty of each, limited alone by the like liberty of all?" The difference between the two branches of the Republican party on this point is vital and irreconcilable. The discussions are constant and acrimonious. The Radicals, like the Whigs, would have Government an active influence, an informing force, and therefore they are Protectionists. The Free-Soil Democrats would have it as nearly as possible a police officer or sheriff; they believe that "that is the best government which governs least;" this, in their eyes, is the very essence of democracy; and therefore chiefly they are Free Traders. A YANKEE.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH IRELAND?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Like most of the measures brought forward either by the Irish or their flatterers, Mr. Bright's resolves itself into a scheme for thrusting the Irish hand into the British pocket; for British we may truly call it, since, while the silver and copper may belong to Ireland, the gold and bank-notes are furnished by England and Scotland.

Nevertheless, although an English tax-payer, I, for one, would consent to this oft-repeated process, if I believed that it would materially aid in removing the evils under which Ireland labours, render the people happy and contented, and make the Union, which has existed so long in name, real and cordial. But I have no such belief; on the contrary, I regard Mr. Bright's scheme as rotten to the foundation, and calculated only to raise expectations which would be sure to be followed by angry disappointment; in other words, that it is calculated to increase the very evils it is intended to cure.

If the plan were good, why should not the very landowners on whom it is proposed to act adopt it? The mere possession of land in Ireland can have no charm for an Englishman, knowing, as he does full well, that if he should visit his estate, his pleasure may be cut short by a cowardly and murderous shot from behind a wall. All that he can wish, so far as personal interest goes, is to make the most of his property; and if that could be done, as Mr. Bright proposes, by letting it for a higher rent (such rent *to be really paid*) to the present tenants, for a number of years, with a view to these tenants ultimately becoming the owners, we may be sure that he would only be too glad to do so. Moreover, if, by thus acting, they clearly saw their way to conferring a large benefit on their fellow-creatures, many of the landowners, we may feel certain, would adopt the plan, even at a considerable sacrifice. One of the number, the present Premier, by long-continued action on the occasion of the cotton famine in Lancashire, showed that he was ready to devote both his time and his purse to the relief of distress; and what he would do for those who had no immediate claim upon him, he would surely effect for his own tenants. And there can be little doubt that Earl Fitzwilliam and several other great owners of Irish property would be ready to take a similar course. But these noblemen, and every other person of intelligence and candour, must feel that the great difficulty lies in the general character of the tenants themselves, and in the great doubt whether, if the bargain were struck, it would, on the tenants' side, be kept.

That a mere expenditure of money, however lavish, would do but little for Ireland, or soften the popular rancour, is shown by the result of the "loan" of eight millions sterling at the time of the famine in '46; for this munificent gift, instead of producing feelings of gratitude and affection, led, as we remember, to charges of the money having been employed in the work of proselytism; as if the people of this country cared one rush about the religious professions of the Irish, if only their *conduct* would be Christian-like and good.

While our ancestors committed a great wrong in attacking and conquering Ireland—a sin which has been visited not only unto their third or fourth, but unto their twentieth or thirtieth generation—it is clear that very much of the present lamentable state of that country is due to the people themselves. Had Strongbow and his handful of followers been resisted with one-tenth part of the courage and united action with which, on the glorious field of Bannockburn, the Scots defeated Edward and his host, the conquest never would have been made, or, if made, would soon have been brought to an end; but then, as now, the chief enemies of the Irish were in their own ranks.

What can be done by any course not requiring a long lapse of time, with a people who are willing to follow the lead of men who preach Fenianism, the folly of which is only exceeded by its villany? What can be hoped of those who take counsel from such arch-scoundrels as Stephens and Roberts, whose only right-ful act has been mutual denunciation?—or of the runaway convict Mitchell, the violent declaimer about liberty in Ireland, and the equally fierce upholder of slavery in America? Or what can we hope of those who lately permitted the fiend-like attack, by some of their countrymen, on the helpless negroes in New York?

While pointing, however, to the crimes and follies unhappily so prevalent among the Irish, let us not forget that noble band who, after their arrival in a distant country have worked to raise money for their relatives, to help them also to cross the broad ocean, where they may more readily earn a comfortable subsistence. How far the members of this band are also Fenians I know not, though I trust either not at all or only to a small extent; and we may feel quite sure that where they are so they are among the benighted followers, and are, in no instance, to be found among the sharper-witted and unscrupulous leaders.

But how are we to get out of our difficulties and deal with this infatuated people? In my opinion, even at this late hour, it will be best to undo, as far as in us lies, the English share of the original wrong; and if, after full and solemn inquiry, it be found to be the general desire of the Irish nation, to break the connection with Great Britain, then to permit and even insist on the severance, in like manner as, in the present advanced state of public opinion, we should do with one of the colonies.

There can be little doubt that many of the Irish, especially among the holders of property, however small, who, now that no practical result is likely to follow, loudly condemn the English connection, would hold a different language if called on to record a vote which might assist in bringing that connection to an end. But be that as it may, I would say, let a Royal Commission be appointed, with instructions to take and record the votes of every class of society in Ireland, and, with due allowance for the varying weight that should be given to the votes, according to each person's status, let the result be summarized and reported, and then, if it be in favour of separation, I, for one, should wish that separation to be made.

Whatever the issue, whether separation or continued union, we should by thus proceeding perform an act which the whole world would recognize as a great deed of justice, and which, like the cession of the Ionian Islands, would afford a far more convincing proof of our being now superior to the lust for territory, and of our wish to see every people ruled by a government of its own choice, than thousands of protestations.

But supposing separation to follow, what would be the course of events? Most of the holders of movable property would, it is likely, before the day of separation arrived, remove that property elsewhere; but the owners of land would probably, for a time, derive from their Irish estates little or no rent. Meanwhile, sharp distress would begin to arise, and the question of government would have to be settled, a question that would admit of only two solutions—a native government, or one by foreigners. If foreign, what country? The answer is plain—France or the United States. But would either of these accept the office? Not the present sagacious ruler of France, we may feel assured, whatever might be the feeling in America. But of one thing there can be no doubt, that the connection, if formed, instead of being an increase of wealth and power, would be a source of poverty and weakness, though, as it would not be begun in crime, it might not prove the almost unmitigated curse it has been to us.

If, however, Ireland under foreign rule should, in truth, become prosperous and happy, there is, in my opinion, no reason why England should not rejoice at the change, or why we should be apprehensive of disturbance to our own peace. For fifty years we have had no war with a powerful neighbour nearer to us than Ireland, nor, for the same time, have we been at war with those who, on the borders of Canada, come into still closer contact with us, while any attack from Ireland would have to be carried on at a distance from the centre of operation and at an immense expense, and on a people better prepared than ever to resist aggression.

Sooner or later, we may be sure, any foreign country that might undertake the task of governing Ireland would become weary of the trouble and cost, and would throw it up; and thus the Irish would be driven to try their own hands at government. But does any one believe, for a moment, that, whatever form they might adopt, they would, in their present state of ignorance and want of power of combination and self-control, succeed? He who does must be of a very sanguine temperament. But if anarchy and misery ensue, as they assuredly would, what next would follow? A gradually formed but at length general and earnest desire to renew the old connection; and if the people of this country should be satisfied that, after the dearly bought but, I fear, necessary experience, the Union could again be renewed without the constant harassment to which we are now exposed, they would, no doubt, cheerfully receive the Irish back, and be prepared, with them, to turn over a new page of history, and to bury the past in eternal oblivion.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

November 7, 1866. F. H.

[We publish this letter, with every sentence of which we disagree heartily, as a political curiosity. There is, then, one Englishman familiar with politics who would repeal the Union.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

RITUALISM.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—You gave us the other day a chapter on Ritualism. I went last Sunday to St. Alban's, Holborn, to witness for once the celebration of mass in the Church of England, and give you my impressions.

Of the noble church itself, and of the service to the close of Morning Prayer, as well as of the general bearing of the congregation, their full response, devout and hearty utterance of chant and creed, one can only speak in praise. The arrangement of men and women worshippers on opposite sides of the nave, is open to the grave objection that it separates families. It has, however, one recommendation—it strikes at the root of the family-pew system.

After Morning Prayer, a short interval, during which the clergy retire, marks the commencement of a new service. The candles are lighted on the altar, and preparations made for the celebration of the Eucharist. Now the clergy reappear, clad in the sacrificing vestments so new to this, as to all previous generations of Protestant Churchmen. The rite of offering incense, totally unknown to the Prayer Book, is now performed with great solemnity, and is followed by the reading of the Ten Commandments, with rather an odd effect. In fact the want of fit between the authorized Liturgy and the new interpolations strikes one throughout. But this is no fault of the Ritualists, who would remove it willingly, if they could.

After the Nicene Creed, finely emphasized and chanted, comes the sermon, and then proceeds, without break, the offertory and pre-Communion service. The congregation, whether intending to communicate or not, remain to witness the celebration. Now fresh clouds of incense ascend, and we approach the critical moment of consecration. "Soon," said the preacher a few Sundays back, "will Christ be upon His altar,"—nor is any worshipper left in doubt as to the moment of His arrival. The celebrant, standing with his back to the people (the assisting priests on lower steps behind him), when he comes to the words in the consecration prayer, "This is my Body," bows himself forward upon the altar to perform the act, and instantly on its completion falls with the others low on his knees beneath the altar in silent adoration; then rising, with his back still turned, he lifts the consecrated element above his head, so as to be seen and adored by the whole congregation. The same ceremony is repeated at the consecration of the Cup.

Thus is conveyed more effectively by far than could be done by direct statements, the doctrine of a change in the substance of the

elements by consecration, of a local and supernatural presence of Christ upon His altar, immediate on the priestly act. When you poured scorn the other day upon the postures and vestments of the Ritualists, and contrasted their fuss about such outward matters with the comparative indifference to them of Romanists, you seemed to me to overlook the different positions of the two;—the latter, members of a Church which authoritatively teaches Transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the Mass; the Ritualists, on the contrary, endeavouring to convey this doctrine to the members of a Church which has never held it, and doing this, I believe, most effectively by means of symbol and ceremonial.

A few words as to the sermon, preached with artificial emphasis and awkward action, but not wanting in ability. The subject was "Sanctity" (in reference to the festival of All Saints), which the preacher asserted to be something far beyond morality, and described as a "sublime extravagance." At the close of his sermon he made an attempt to disarm hostile criticism of the new Ritual observances. "Many who were present," he said, "might be saying to themselves, 'We have not much in common with these men.' A great mistake; have we not all alike," he asked, "a God to glorify, a soul to save?" and so on. For the hostile critics, he charitably assumed, were also "on the side of Jesus." And then, alluding to the saints in heaven, "How small, he reminded us, in their eyes, may appear many of the controversies which divide us here."

Now, this was a kind of appeal which it struck me that liberal Churchmen are especially bound to consider. We contend for a wide latitude within the pale of the National Church, both in doctrine and practice. Can we so extend this as to include the Ritualists? Much may be urged in favour of so doing. Many of the Ritualists are able, pious, and devoted men. The objections to their practices do not generally arise from their own congregations. Many of the laity are favourable to them. What are called "High doctrines" as to the Priesthood and Sacrament, of which theirs are a fuller development, have always been held by a party in the Church of England. Great differences of view as to the nature of the Lord's Supper and the degree of mystery attaching to it have prevailed even among Protestants. Is it consistent, in those who approved of the late judgment of the Court of Appeal, which left certain great questions open, to desire that others, now claimed as open, should be authoritatively closed?

On the other side, it may be urged, first, that the questions left open by the Privy Council were so left on the express ground that the formularies of the Church had not decided them, whereas, in regard to the doctrine and practice specially advocated by the Ritualists, those formularies have distinctly pronounced against them, both negatively, in the Liturgy, and positively, in the Twenty-Eighth Article.

Secondly, while recognizing daily more and more the bonds of Christian life and worship which lie beneath diversities of doctrine and of ceremonial, we cannot but acknowledge, in the words of an article in your number of June 2, 1866, that "gulfs are created between one Church and another, by the necessity for some spiritual assumption going to the root of worship, which those who do not admit that assumption cannot concede. Thus," you continue, "we cannot worship with Rome, not because we differ in doctrine, but because the whole worship of Rome is founded upon the assumption that a certain order of men can summon God to their altar and dismiss Him at pleasure—in other words, on a *fact* which we do not believe, and cannot accept."

Now, surely the assumption of the Ritualists on this point is the same substantially with that of Rome. The wonder to my mind is that men who enter fully into the ceremonial which I witnessed on Sunday, can regard the ordinary administration of the Lord's Supper in our Church as other than irreverent and profane.

Lastly, the existence of *extreme* diversities of ritual is, even more than of doctrine, inconsistent with the maintenance of a *distinctive National Church*. It is this conviction, perhaps, more than any other, which is moving the minds of Churchmen against the Ritualists, and will ultimately lead to an authoritative interference with them. They would not object probably to a Free Church, and do not mind playing into the hands of the Liberation Society. But it has not come to that yet. On the other hand, you will never have an Act of Parliament to decide in what sense the clergymen of the Church of England are "priests." That might have been very desirable at the time of the Reformation, but the days for it are gone by. It is a very important question, nevertheless.—Yours, &c., H. F. M.

November 7, 1866.

THE SO-CALLED ATHANASIAN CREED.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—May I intrude once again, and ask your correspondent "M. D.," and others who think and feel with him, not to wait at this juncture for vestry meetings—so far as the diocese of London is concerned, there will scarcely be any held this side of Christmas—but at once, now the subject is taking deep hold of the public mind, strengthen the agitation by obtaining in each district or congregation a number of signatures to a document, and get it laid before the Bishop of London at his forthcoming visitation? These London visitations generally give the key-note to ecclesiastical topics for some time to come, and the important influence for good or evil is not circumscribed to London's jurisdiction, but by the wings of the press its influence penetrates every parish. We have had in the past so many evidences of the Bishop's desire to make the Church and its services adapted to the people's benefit, that when he has had submitted to him a general expression of feeling in this direction, we may hope he will not fail to do his part in the matter. In the last number of the *Church Times* the editor and a correspondent complain of the number of clergymen who omitted to read this said Creed on Sunday week, and suggests that cases of similar breaches may be recorded in their columns. I hope the number will increase, and those like "M. D.," when they happen to be present when it is read, will keep their seats, and refrain from publicly acknowledging it. Many thanks, Mr. Editor, for the great service you have rendered towards the accomplishment of the desired end. W. Arthorp.

Bishopsgate, November 5, 1866.

THE POET AND THE PEOPLE.

You care not for the splendour and the passion,
The march of music and the glow of speech,
Would rest, not strive, content with this world's fashion,
To heights beyond your reach.

"Some must do Earth's real work: we fain would do it;
Be dull and humble some, not soar and shine:
What part have we with painter or with poet,—
Things earthly with divine?"

So 'tis to-day, so yesterday; to-morrow
The same fool's fable will be sung again:
You dream not that the Artist's school is Sorrow,
The Poet's teacher Pain.

'Tis you who gape at heaven, scorn earth below it,—
Your human nature narrowed to a span:
Heaven cannot teach you, if Earth fail to show it,
The majesty of Man.

The soaring bird stoops lowest; base things and noble
The seer sees each and all with human eyes,
Cuts deeper through life's rock, intent to double
The striving and the prize.

You choke life's meaning out, love, tears, and laughter,
With vague mad visions of some cold Ideal:
He, looking, trusts or doubts the dread Hereafter,
But knows that Now is real.

You call his life 'calm,' spent in Truth's high quarrel,
His songs 'sweet,' that in blood and pain were born:
You think not of the brows beneath your laurel
Red-bleeding from the thorn.

You give him praise for some strange star, some comet
Across your skies, of alien birth and breath—
God gives him life to plunge into and plumb it
Even to the dregs of death.

Aye, gives him, over all, his bliss, to know it,
And, under all, his gulfs of pain to span,—
Not more 'divine,' but most supremely Poet,
When most intensely Man.

Haileybury College, November 6. J. R.

BOOKS.

MR. MANSEL'S REPLY TO MR. MILL.*

This is a very sharp reply by Mr. Mansel to Mr. Mill's very sharp criticism upon Hamilton and himself. Agreeing with neither party in the controversy, neither with Mr. Mill's sensational scepticism, nor with Mr. Mansel's speculative scepticism, our chief interest in the discussion has always lain on the religious side of the dispute, namely, with regard to Mr. Mansel's assertion that God is both unknown and unknowable by man, and that revelation consists rather in a distinct apprehension of the impenetrable

* *The Philosophy of the Conditioned, comprising some Remarks on Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and on Mr. J. S. Mill's Examination of that Philosophy.* By H. L. Mansel, B.D. London: Strahan. 1866.

veil which covers the life of God, and in the declaration of a few "regulative" truths which we may reasonably conjecture to be authentic messages from behind it, rather than in the display of His true character and nature to us, in however inadequate a degree. Mr. Mill's refutation of this view, although proceeding on the principle of a hypothetical rather than a declared faith, seems to us one of the very finest passages in philosophical literature, and we regard this little book of Mr. Mansel's, though victorious in some minor points, as a complete failure in its attempt to reply to it. Those who take any interest in the controversy may remember the nature of Mr. Mansel's argument that we can reach no speculative truth in religion, on the ground that God is infinite, and a finite mind cannot take in even a sufficient part of the infinite to admit of anything but an infinite distortion of the reality; and they may remember his inference that God's goodness may be and probably is something different in kind from human goodness, and must be so far different that we have no right to gauge the revealed moral law of the Bible by any conscience of ours. To this, Mr. Mill, after discussing the supposed theoreticul difficulty, had eloquently replied:—

"If, instead of the glad tidings that there exists a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive, exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a Being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that 'the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving' does not sanction them; convince me of it, and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say in plain terms that I will not. Whatever power such a being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do; he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go."

Mr. Mansel's rejoinder to this is very feeble,—consisting chiefly in showing that even if God's goodness be essentially the same as man's, yet by the very fact of His infinite difference in power, and providence, and knowledge, the conditions of action must be entirely changed. Doubtless; but this is nothing to the point, because, first, the practical controversy is not as to what is good in God, but as to what is good in man, in cases where our consciences, given by Him, are at issue with commands claiming, and only claiming, to come from Him on uncertain historical evidence. Can the latter override the former? And, secondly, to maintain that there is essential identity between the divine goodness and human goodness, with only such variations as belong to our respective powers and positions, is in fact a complete abandonment by Mr. Mansel of his speculative theory, which, resting on the ground that the finite cannot apprehend the infinite, requires it to be infinitely improbable that human goodness should in essence resemble the divine at all, and maintains that revelation is *not* the removal of the veil, but the transmission of a few practical moral rules for our conduct from behind it. Therefore, when Mr. Mansel tries to combine the advantages of a philosophy so modest as to resign all hope of knowing God, so long as men are 'finite' beings, with the advantages of a faith that professes to tell us what He is *like*, he is playing fast and loose with his own notions, and falls an easy prey into Mr. Mill's hands.

The truth is that the whole of the philosophy which tries, in defiance of revelation, to prove that God is inaccessible to man (and which would equally prove, by the way, and has often been used to prove, that man is inaccessible to God, for the gulf which is supposed to divide metaphysically the finite from the infinite is as impassable to one as to the other), rests on the radically false assumption, that while we cannot conceive (in the imagination) or comprehend (in the understanding), we cannot intellectually even apprehend, cannot in any sense *know*. We maintain, on the other hand, that most things, even finite things, as they are called, are in this condition, and things finite quite as much as things infinite. Who can either conceive or comprehend himself? Who can comprehend how personal identity is consistent with variety of attributes, with change of nature, purposes, character? Mr. Mansel maintains that we can have no knowledge where we cannot understand the "how." He thinks we have *knowledge*, and not merely a *faith*, that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, because we can see, by representing them in imagination, *how* it is impossible they should do so. Well, then, we surely can have no knowledge of ourselves? We certainly cannot represent to ourselves how the same person unites a number of different characteristics, and changes those characteristics from time to time, so that he abhors one day the very act he took pride in on another? Mr. Mansel makes the impossibility of knowing God to consist in the inability to conceive *how* certain attributes are to be combined in Him:—

"The reader may now, perhaps, understand the reason of an assertion which Mr. Mill regards as supremely absurd,—namely, that we must believe in the existence of an absolute and infinite Being, though unable to conceive the nature of such a Being. To believe in such a Being, is simply to believe that God made the world; to declare the nature of such a Being inconceivable, is simply to say that we do not know how the world was made. If we believe that God made the world, we must believe that there was a time when the world was not, and when God alone existed, out of relation to any other being. But the mode of that sole existence we are unable to conceive, nor in what manner the first act took place by which the absolute and self-existent gave existence to the relative and dependent. 'The contradictions,' says Mr. Mill, 'which Mr. Mansel asserts to be involved in the notions, do not follow from an imperfect mode of apprehending the Infinite and the Absolute, but lie in the definitions of them, in the meaning of the words themselves.' They do no such thing: the meaning of the words is perfectly intelligible, and is exactly what is expressed by their definitions: the contradictions arise from the attempt to combine the attributes expressed by the words in one representation with others, so as to form a positive object of consciousness. Where is the incongruity of saying, 'I believe that a being exists possessing certain attributes, though I am unable in my present state of knowledge to conceive the manner of that existence?'"

If that be the only difficulty, it applies equally to the knowledge of man. We are entirely unable to conceive *how* our free-will is to be combined with the law of causation or creation to which we assign the origin of our free wills. If there is no knowledge where there is no imagining and comprehending power, there is very little indeed either of finite personality, so called, or infinite personality of which there is knowledge. But apprehension is quite consistent with inability to *com*prehend, to grasp the whole, and still more with inability to conceive and imagine it. The so-called contradictions (or antinomies) which Kant, Mr. Mansel, and Sir W. Hamilton make so much of, are, we believe, never real contradictions at all, but mere failures to comprehend, to hold completely in our grasp, realities that we cannot compass, but nevertheless can apprehend. Take Mr. Mansel's assertion about metaphysical infinity (which he is quite at issue with Kant, by the way, in contrasting with mathematical infinity, Kant expressly identifying the two;—see foot-note to the proof of the thesis that the world has a beginning in time in the *Reine Vernunft*) in his attempted refutation of Mr. de Morgan:—

"One of the ablest mathematicians, and the most persevering Hamiltono-mastix of the day, maintains the applicability of the metaphysical notion of infinity to mathematical magnitudes; but with an assumption which unintentionally vindicates Hamilton's position more fully than could have been done by a professed disciple. 'I shall assume,' says Professor de Morgan, in a paper recently printed among the *Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society*, 'the notion of infinity and of its reciprocal infinitesimal: that a line can be conceived infinite, and therefore having points at an infinite distance. Image apart, which we cannot have, it seems to me clear that a line of infinite length without points at an infinite distance is a contradiction.' Now, it is easy to show, by mere reasoning, without any image, that this assumption is equally a contradiction. For if space is finite, every line in space must be finite also; and if space is infinite, every point in space must have infinite space beyond it in every direction, and therefore cannot be at the greatest possible distance from another point. Or thus: Any two points in space are the extremities of the line connecting them; but an infinite line has no extremities; therefore no two points in space can be connected together by an infinite line."

Mr. Mansel does not really show in the least the contradiction that he asserts that he shows. He virtually assumes what is not true,—that all infinitudes are equal. In his first proof he is quite wrong in speaking of infinite distance as a *maximum* distance, as Kant, who knew more mathematics as well as metaphysics than Mr. Mansel, admits. ("The idea of an infinite whole," says Kant, "is *not* the idea of a maximum; but you only express by it, its relation to a unit to be assumed at pleasure, in respect to which it is greater than any number of that unit.") In point of fact, it is easy to assign an infinite distance between two points which shall be infinitely smaller than some other infinite distance, and that, again, infinitely smaller than another infinitude, and so on *ad infinitum*. If A is distant from B only one-fifth of the distance of B from C, and B from C only one-fifth of the distance of B from D, the *relative* distances would remain the same, whatever the actual distance of A from B. And this would obviously be equally true, if it were one-millionth or one-billionth, instead of one-fifth. A might be a billion miles from B, and yet only one-billionth part of the distance of B from C, and B, again, from C only one-billionth part of the distance of C from D. How can you deny, then, that A might be at an *infinite* distance from B, and yet infinitely nearer to B than B to C, and B infinitely nearer to C than C to D, though infinitely farther from C than B from A? And in point of fact, mathematics cannot do without the assumption of such relative infinitudes even among infinitudes. Mr. Mansel's second form of proof is as bad as his first. To assume that an infinite line can have no extremities is wholly gratuitous. All we know of an infinite line is, that it can never be exhausted by

any finite multiplication of a finite line. True, we find it easier to represent to ourselves infinitude with at least one extremity beyond our reach, while the other extremity, and as much of the line as we can measure forwards, is within our reach. It is easier (for us, taking our analogy from the flight of time) to conceive an infinity stretching immeasurably from a fixed point, than to think of one *bounded* between two fixed points with an infinite *middle* or intermediate length. But the last idea is absolutely as logical and as devoid of any latent contradiction as the first. Two points, with the separating line infinite, are every bit as much within the limits of both comprehension and imagination, as a line made by one point flowing on infinitely. "Extremity" no doubt implies an end, but it does not imply that we could reach it in any finite time, or by the reduplication of any finite measure, and that is all that is implied in infinitude. Take two points, even close together, and suppose the curve which joins them to go an infinite number of times round the earth, like an infinite thread round a bobbin, and we have the general conception of an infinite line between two given extremities. Even Kant's assertion that an *expired eternity* involves a contradiction seems to us altogether false. All we mean by eternity is that which is not measurable by any finite number of finite times. No doubt if we try to conceive a beginning at all, we date it millions of years, or billions of billions of years, back, and then the expired billions and billions of years are not an expired eternity. But though we admit, of course, that by measuring either forward or backward for billions and billions of years, we shall never reach an eternity, we may still speak correctly of an expired eternity. When we say an eternity can "*never*" expire, we are really dating the flight of eternity by time, for "never" only means "in no finite time," and it is of course a contradiction in terms to suppose that an eternity can elapse in any finite time. But the whole difficulty of an expired eternity is centred in the difficulty of conceiving any Being without a beginning. If there is any Being without a beginning the expired eternity is assumed at once, nor can we point to any principle of reason which contradicts this assumption. All we can say is that we cannot conceive the lapse of an eternity from any specific date, because we can only add years to years, finite times to finite times. But because we cannot even in imagination construct an eternity from a fixed date in time, we have no intellectual justification for denying that for any uncreated being an eternity has already run out. We can only say that we can't even approximate to the comprehension of it. There is no *contradiction*, however, unless we begin to *time* eternity; and then the contradiction lies in our own bad logic, not in the matter itself.

The same criticism applies to Mr. Mansel's mode of dealing with the moral attributes of God. We cannot comprehend or exhaust Him. We find how unable we are in every direction to grasp Him, as Mr. Mansel says, "in any act of conception." Therefore, he reasons, we cannot *know* Him at all, but only obtain a certain tolerably confident conviction that certain predicates may be analogically applied to the "Unknown and Unknowable," with less moral error than would be involved in *not* thinking about Him or finding any predicates proper to apply to Him at all. Mr. Mansel tells us expressly many times that we have no direct knowledge of God, and in one place that what we can know are only certain propositions *about* Him (as we might make more or less true propositions about the central fire which we have never seen, but only by using analogies and inference); that the immediate object of faith is *not* a person, but a proposition:—

"Mr. Mill endeavours," says Mr. Mansel, "to overthrow this distinction between knowledge and belief, by means of Hamilton's own theory of consciousness. Hamilton maintains that we cannot be conscious of a mental operation without being conscious of its object. On this Mr. Mill retorts that if, as Hamilton admits, we are conscious of a belief in the Infinite and the Absolute, we must be conscious of the Infinite and Absolute themselves; and such consciousness is knowledge. The fallacy of this retort is transparent. *The immediate object of belief is a proposition which I hold to be true, not a thing apprehended in an act of conception.* I believe in an infinite God; *i. e.*, I believe *that* God is infinite; I believe that the attributes which I ascribe to God exist in Him in an infinite degree. Now, to believe this proposition, I must, of course, be conscious of its meaning; but I am not therefore conscious of the Infinite God as an object of conception; for this would require, further, an apprehension of the manner in which these infinite attributes coexist so as to form one object."

If the italicized assertion be true, faith gets at God only through a string of intellectual judgments, and is not a living act connecting the human soul with the divine spirit, but a theoretic inference about an inaccessible being. Mr. Mansel would not, we suppose, say that when a child talks of believing in a good father, it means "believing that its father is good;" it means a great deal more,—leaning on, trusting in, a good living guidance. And that is the *primary* form of the child's faith, the theoretic conviction that he is good, being only a flake of abstraction which (as it were) peels off that living trust much later. Now, why are we to be denied this same living tie with God, this living apprehension of His goodness, only because that goodness has a vague term affixed to it called "infinite," which debars us from supposing that we can compass or comprehend it? We maintain, on the other hand, that just as we learn suddenly in mathematics, in our study of finite magnitudes, that we are actually in contact, almost before knowing it, with infinite magnitudes following the same laws,—so we learn in ethics, while studying human right, that we are in contact, almost before knowing it, with laws applying equally to the divine as to human nature. We have no more reason to believe that divine love or divine justice is something different in kind from human love and human justice, than that the laws affecting infinite magnitude are something different in kind from those affecting finite magnitudes.

We have, as we believe, direct knowledge of the infinite in both cases, though imperfect knowledge,—apprehension, not comprehension,—knowledge which has in it germs capable of infinite expansion, but still knowledge, and not mere analogical conjecture. Certainly, if the divine mind be not in direct communion with the human conscience, the supernatural message the value of which Mr. Mansel wants to enhance by elevating it to the highest authority we have concerning God, is a deception. But if it be in direct communion, our apprehension of infinite goodness must be direct, and not analogical;—or, to use Mr. Mansel's technical language, must be "speculative," and not merely regulative. We *know* the divine nature whenever we obey it as divine, though we do not know and cannot exhaust "its length and breadth and depth and height."

On the whole, Mr. Mansel has not answered, and we believe cannot answer, Mr. Mill's moral criticism. On some of the more minute and technical points of Sir W. Hamilton's metaphysics, he appears to have shown that Mr. Mill has misapprehended Sir W. Hamilton, and that he himself understands his master better.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.*

It is difficult sometimes to look at a picture plausibly clever, attracting attention almost magnetically by force of its deep-toned colouring, yet false in its tendency, and calmly criticize alone the faults of drawing. Some one has well said no artist can put more into a head than he has in his own, and so, in looking at some picture, we may perceive instinctively that the thought which conceived is more untrue than the hand which executed it.

We think it is so in the volumes before us. With the plausible cleverness which can at least caricature, if it fails in sketching; full of the bitterness which is not strength, but to many minds perhaps its sufficient counterfeit; of the cynicism which jars like a false note through all the chords of life, it is life looked at through the smoke of fires of whose origin we know nothing, but which makes the eyes smart, and the pen give, however honestly, a false report of the scenes on which those eyes are looking. It is at all times difficult to trace the exact province of fiction, and we are by no means inclined to look with special tolerance on the books whose heroes and heroines are mere exponents of the novelist's pet theories. Clearly one part at least of his business is to hold up a glass to human nature, and we have no right to complain if he chooses that fools and villains shall see themselves therein, nor perhaps any right to be annoyed, if his puppets seem to us grotesque, overdrawn, or unnatural. The drama may revolt us, and be none the less truly dramatic, but if the dramatist steps before the curtain to lecture the audience and challenge the value of their most deeply rooted convictions, he surely has no right to grumble if the gauntlet he thus flings down be taken up. Now, in this last novel of Mrs. Riddell's, this is the attitude the authoress assumes. At every second or third page she drops her story to lecture her audience, and in our judgment to make statements we believe utterly hollow, yet mischievous in their plausibility. The outline of the story is soon sketched. Lawrence Barbour, son of a proud but ruined country gentleman, sick of the perpetual combination of pride and poverty which meets him in his own home, disinclined for the gentlemanly poverty implied in an ensigncy or the worse struggles of clerical life, chooses wealth as the goal of his ambition, and the business of a distant connection in East London as the shortest road to it. The business thus entered is supposed to be that of a manufacturing chemist, really that of a manufacturing grocer. "Nutmegs that had never seen a foreign shore, coffee-berries that had never grown on

* *The Race for Wealth.* By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.

a tree, arrowroot extracted from potatoes, rhubarb useless as a medicine, peppercorns made out of molasses and pea flour,—these were a few of the articles manufactured in Distaff Yard, and distributed thence through the length and breadth of England." The heads of this most reputable business are well drawn. Mr. Perkins, the man with a clear brain, kindly nature, and some conscience where business was not actually concerned, with his vulgar wife and still more vulgar children always dragging him down, is recognizable, even if slightly caricatured. Mr. Sondes, the other partner, living two distinct lives—one for his business, the other for his little niece, Olivine—the good heroine of the story, is even better described; but before Lawrence Barbour makes their acquaintance, Mallingford End, his father's place in the country, has been let to a Mr. Alwyn, a clever speculator, and one of the *nouveaux riches*. His daughter, Etta, is "ill-tempered, hypocritical, unfeeling, cruel, but at the same time beautiful and fascinating exceedingly." In defiance of all laws of physiognomy, the specially wicked creations of most modern novelists show that they are orthodox at least in their belief that Satan is never so like himself as when he transforms himself into an angel of light. This girl is the evil genius of the story. Lawrence, though vowing to devote himself to East London, and bitterly scorning the possessors of the wealth he envies, yet determines to scan them from some vantage-post in Hyde Park. The Alwyns are in town, Miss Alwyn, whom Lawrence has seen at Mallingford, and "despises in his heart," is riding in the Row and is thrown. Lawrence saves her, sustaining injuries in the attempt which ruin his own health for ever; and at this point we are met by one of the authoress's bitter invectives against society and the world, whatever those much abused words may happen to mean. "It is a hard thing," she says, "for a wealthy man to be struck down suddenly from strength to weakness, and when my lord gets his fingers blown off his hand, or loses the sight of one of his eyes, or is thrown in hunting, and crippled to the extent of never being able to waltz again, the world is lavish enough of its sympathy and commiseration. Society speaks of the man softly and in whispers, and throws a certain romance over him, and compassionates the accident which has injured his health, or impaired his good looks, or prevents his killing partridges, or bearing away the brush, with much kindness and persistency. Poor Lord Adonis, and poor Sir Charles Stalwart, and poor Mr. Millionaire, and that dear deformed boy, the Earl of Mammon's son! Are these people not pitied?" &c. "But the world is not tender to its workers; fortunately, perchance, for them; because no man ever works so well as he who, thrusting his fist in the face of the world, denouncing its shams, cursing its hypocrisies, despising its soft words . . . . strips himself for the conflict, trusting in nothing save the assistance of his Maker and the strength of his own right arm," &c., through another page and a half; and then, "Behold the application—carriages, sympathy, earnest inquiries for the young lady who was not hurt—for the young lady who, had she been hurt, was daughter to so rich a father that every luxury would have been at her command; while, for the worker, a lift to the nearest hospital." Well, of course, all that is very bitter, very cynical, very plausible, but is it true? It is just because we believe it to be a piece of the false sentimentality which is more and more serving to lengthen the winter of our discontent, and more and more paralyzing the living sympathies which are at the very root of all true work, that we think it worth while to notice it at all. What is this omnipotent "world," with its condolence, this "society," so exalted on its pedestal, so lavish of its kind inquiries, but the small surroundings of each man's life, which revolve round him?—and the friend of the hour who helps Lawrence Barbour—"worker"—to the hospital is probably as true in his sympathy as Sir Somebody Somebody who helps the heiress to a carriage. The skill which cures him is as great as the other case could have had, and the friends who cluster round the injured man's hospital bed, the Perkinses, and Joneses, and Smiths, of East London, are as truly anxious in their care, as much his relatives, his society, his world, as if they crowded in from Belgravia. It is an evil thing to suffer without sympathy, but it is not on the world's workers that that evil falls; they are too closely bound to their fellows. It is rather they "who can lie in bed or sit at home in easy chairs, with cushions to their backs, with eau-de-Cologne to their heads," who get the pity which is not sympathy, and suffer from the bitter mental loneliness such a lot almost inevitably brings. There are problems enough yet unsolved in the world, evils enough yet uncured, without arraigning Providence for imaginary ones, the shallow sophisms of a diseased mind. This is the colouring of the whole picture. Here is another morsel of bitter irony:—"Of course there is no such thing as prospective jealousy in the world; it is human nature, is it not, to smile on the man or woman who is to fill up your place in the world when you are grown old, and weary, and obsolete; it is human nature to like those who come after you, whose feet will travel the road to success, when your limbs are tottering and feeble, whose ears will listen to the throbbings of other men's hearts when yours are deep and treacherous?" &c. "Is this human nature? Ah! reader, is not this rather artificial nature, conventional nature—the nature men put on when they summon up all their courage?" &c. "Do people like being hung? No. Well, there is a time of youth, and popularity, and sunshine for most of God's creatures, and after that, the eternity of temporal nonentity, and age, and winter gloom." Again we ask, is all this true? These are not words put into the mouth of some hypochondriacal grandsire, maundering by a cold fireside; they are distinct assertions, thrown at us for our reception. We analyze them, and they crumble to pieces. Why is winter more eternal than summer, cold than sunshine, or how can "a temporal nonentity" be an eternity? Is the love of parents for their children, who, we imagine, are the people who generally come after them, conventional? Is growing old always equivalent to being hung? Our author's notions of the possibility of happiness, however, are decidedly limited, for though she has just told us there is a time of youth, and popularity, and sunshine for most of God's creatures, we find the last two gifts are never bestowed on clever people till they reach old age, or rather, the eternity of temporal nonentity; for a little while before she writes, "'Sweet youth! innocent youth! guileless youth! trusting youth! ingenuous youth!' exclaim our poets, and rhapsodize accordingly, but it never enters into the head of even the most practical of writers to say there is anything charming about youth if it be clever." And apparently the youth "pressing onward to distinction" must be content to pursue his way in solitude, "thinking the world perhaps as hard and cold as the world thinks him disagreeable and conceited." Rather hard upon him, considering the kind of eternity which lies before him when youth is past. But our authoress is above the weakness of consistency. If "Belles and ladies of fashion are recommended in one page to fall back upon the graces of simplicity or the beauties of perfect naturalness," they are asked in another, "Shall we babble about nature unadorned? Shall we say a pretty woman is equally pretty in any attire? Bah! There are times and places when dress is everything. Given a man who has not seen much of female society, and see which divinity he falls down and worships—the pure and simple or the gorgeous and sensuous, bare-footed virtue or vice resplendent with diamonds," &c.

But if we return to the story, there are yet graver errors in the sketching. Lawrence falls in love with Etta Alwyn, with "the girl who in his inmost heart he despised himself for loving," but she refuses him through fear of poverty, and marries, for his wealth, a man she dislikes. Lawrence marries Olivine, who worships him, but continues to love Etta, and on her becoming a widow forsakes his wife for the woman who "netted him with the hair he was wont to laugh at, with the eyes which had in them neither a pure nor a holy light, with the hands which were so white and treacherous, with the smile which was so sweetly cruel, with the rich attire which became her so royally,—for the woman who had no compunction for her own sin, no pity for the forsaken wife, and who treats Lawrence's offer of marriage when his wife would have given him a divorce with "contemptuous scorn,"—a hard, coarse, mercenary nature, which the hero understands and despises, yet for whom he has a mad passion, against which he strives—well, at all events, unavailingly. And because the wife who has trusted him utterly, and towards whom his whole life has been a lie, is roused from her ordinary gentleness to a fit of very timid indignation, we are told, "She was very sweet, she was very pure, she was very innocent, she was what a man might desire the mother of his children to be in every thought, and word, and deed, but she never could be to him what many a worse woman can prove to one she loves in the hour of his blackest despair, of his deepest need." We are heartily sick of the affectation which is perpetually claiming the kind of sympathy for the sinner which means, in plainer English, the palliation of the sin; and we enter our protest the more strongly, because the authoress of *George Geith* has done so much better things than the *Race for Wealth*. If she would cease to pander to an already diseased appetite, get a clearer idea of the value of the landmarks she is at present helping to remove, and consider that the man who "denounces shams and curses hypocrisies" (manufacturing coffee-berries the while) is a negative character, in comparison with him who recognizes the eternal principles of right and wrong, justice and purity, we may yet have from her pen a story infinitely worthier than any she has yet given us.

THREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.*

THE only limitation which we should like to put on illustration, is that the subject illustrated should be capable of receiving some additional force or meaning, some original commentary, from the illustrating artist. It is all very well to illustrate Gray's *Elegy* by drawing beautiful landscapes *ad libitum* which shall themselves please the eye as pictures, but they would be out of place in an edition of Gray's *Elegy*, if of this general nature. We should much rather see them as drawings, and not see them interleaved with a poem to which they add nothing. If there be any artist who has a special genius for delineating that mood of nature in which she echoes the tender melancholy of a musing fancy,—if, for instance, he could paint

> "A flower born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

so as to express the gentle regret with which such a mind thinks of the solitary life of so much beauty, the bounty lavishly expended by nature on scenes where there are none to enjoy,—then a picture by such a hand accompanying the verse in question will add a meaning and a commentary to the poem. If there be an artist who has studied village politics sufficiently to paint a "village Hampden," in whose features and expression Gray's conception receives new meaning and vigour, such a picture is a gain, a real gain, to the poem, not an ornament stuck upon it, but a pictorial interpretation of it, adding to its poetical power. But in the wealth of beautiful illustration which the publishers press upon us year by year, and especially just as Christmas is bringing round the season of presents, there is a strong inclination to ignore this law of illustration,—that illustration, unless it keeps to the function of merely expressing the value attaching to the book, like the rich borderings of the old missals (a function applicable only to great books, books that have greatly influenced the lives of multitudes), should really illustrate, that is, make clearer or richer the text of the writer by adding pictorial to verbal art.

Let us explain our meaning by the beautifully illustrated edition of Miss Jean Ingelow's poems which lies beside us. There are not a few of these illustrations which really translate the poems into pictorial effects, such as readers of even vivid imagination would not have been able, unhelped by the artist, to conceive. Take, for instance, Miss Ingelow's fanciful poem called "Honours," in parts of which she presents her moods of mind by describing, as Gray did, external scenes which seem to answer to them. Thus in one verse she says:—

> "My well beloved friend, at noon to-day,
> Over our cliffs a white mist lay unfurled
> So thick, one standing on the brink might say,
> Lo! 'here doth end the world.'"

And after painting at some length the changes in the landscape as the mist partly cleared away, she goes on to indicate what it represented to her mind,—

> "Doubt, a blank twilight of the heart, which mars
> All sweetest colours in its dimness same,—
> A soul-mist, through whose rift familiar stars
> Beholding we misname."

This white mist which so shrouds and bedims the landscape that it makes familiar forms seems strange, and suggests an image of that intellectual bewilderment which finds shadows where it once found realities, is beautifully given in Mr. T. Dalziel's landscape on p. 27. The cliffs are fading away into something as ghost-like as the sea into which you can just discern that they are stretching,—the sea-gulls are mere flitting apparitions, suggesting faint mutabilities, and nothing else;—the only fault is a far too distinctly defined horizon, instead of a blending of sea and sky which absolutely interfuses the two, such as a white mist always produces, and such as was specially wanted for the thought in Miss Ingelow's poem. But no one can read the verses both before and after looking at the illustration, without feeling that the latter sensibly adds to the sense of gentle intellectual despondency, bewilderment, and mild desolation, which Miss Ingelow with her peculiar sweetness pours forth. So Mr. North's illustrations of the poem of "The Four Bridges," where the key-note of the story is the kind of melancholy on the mind of the reader which the absence of all fearful anticipation in the subject of it, produces, are really additions to the poem. The picture of

> "I can remember how the taper played
> Over her small hands and her vesture white,—
> How it struck up into the trees, and laid
> Upon their under leaves unwonted light,"

exactly catches the tone of Miss Ingelow's sweet, soft, velvet, pansy-like sentiment. The greyhound sits erect in the half-darkness at the top of the flight of steps mutely watching the parting, the candle throws a full light on the girl's sad but quiet face, and her lover's head is raised with the momentary pang of unconscious dread, that cannot endure to brave the chances of the future. The sad effect of *lastness* which Miss Ingelow's picture conveys without the anguish of conscious fear, is very finely reproduced in this illustration. In these cases, and in many others, something has been painted in which the artist found an idea capable of translation into his art. But now take the attempt to illustrate the first poem, "Divided," which is strictly allegorical. A girl and boy at play together find a little brook, over which the lad jumps in sport, and then they continue walking down its course on opposite sides, as the brook widens to a considerable stream, the stream broadens into a navigable river, and the river expands into an estuary. Of course the idea is the same as that of Mr. Clough's "*quâ cursum ventus*," the involuntary separation of a divided course of thought and feeling. But we maintain that the poem, which is a beautiful, though not a strong one, is not only incapable of proper illustration, but is spoiled by it. It is precisely the vagueness in which the pictorial conception remains in the poem, the partial *failure* to realize the conception of children walking down opposite sides of a genuine river, growing up as they go, and getting wider and wider apart as they live on, which renders the poem so pleasant and sweet. But when a young lady in a polka, or jacket, or something of that kind, and a hat and feather, is drawn increasing in dimensions and maturity of figure as the river beside which she walks grows wider, signalling to the young gentleman in a shooting-jacket on the opposite side as long as she keeps him in sight, and looking very forlorn indeed, but by no means very poetical, when the river has widened out to a gulf at the end, there is something ludicrous imported into the whole poem which spoils it. Things intended to be left in shadow are brought out into full light, and the allegory is spoiled. This illustrated edition of Miss Ingelow's poems contains no doubt many true illustrations, but also not a few that are only pretty pictures, and some, as those of the poem "Divided," which paint what is not only incapable of being painted, but poetically ruined by the attempt to translate words into forms.

The same may be said of the "idyllic pictures" of Messrs. Barnes, Edwards, &c., only that here the poems being not generally very good, the pictures, which often are, may be said to be rather suggested by the poems than mere illustrations to them. Thus Mr. Houghton's picture of "Wee Rosie Mary," suggested by the lines:—

> "Love of antic—garbs romantic,
> Making kitty sportful-frantic,

is very spirited, though the child is uppish, and not fascinating. She is trailing a long cloak on the ground, and looking back delighted to see the kitten's excitement in catching it. That is a subject in which the picture is much more than the verses, though what style the child's mamma means her hair to be done in, is a perplexity to the critic. Again the picture of Izaak Walton:—

> "Calm and content I see thee, Walton, look,
> With a wise artfulness,"

is admirable, full of "wise artfulness" and the shrewd eye for nature. Again Miss Edwards's group of children at an open window, indulging sad, fleeting recollections for a moment, is peculiarly simple and graceful, but the poem seems made for it more than it for the poem. But there is no kind of sense in such a picture as that of the stout lady in a black velvet mantle and showy bonnet, who is supposed to be saying:—

> "Smile, my little one, smile, my pretty one,—
> Happy in dreamland, rest in peace."

especially when the little (but not pretty) one alluded to is smiling not "in dreamland," but with her eyes very wide open indeed. Even if the subject were one to which a picture would add meaning, which it is not, this picture has no beauty in it.

Children's poems are almost always capable of good illustration, and those to *Little Lays for Little Folk* are capital. The boy proposing boisterous boys' games to his sisters, who are all in favour of quiet girls' games, is very graphic. The little wretch has real mischief about his dictatorial, bullying mouth, as he taunts his sisters with their girlishness. Blake's "Lamb" is given with the true expression which that mystic artist and poet intended to be put into it, and on the whole, there is more distinct gain to each poem in the illustrations of this illustrated child's book, than in most illustrated books of the more ambitious kind.

* 1. *Poems.* By Jean Ingelow. With Illustrations by Messrs. Pinwell, Poynter, North, Dalziels, Wolf, Houghton, and Small.

2. *Idyllic Pictures.* Drawn by Messrs. Barnes, Paul Gray, Pinwell, Houghton, &c. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

3. *Little Lays for Little Folk.* Selected by John S. Watts. Illustrated. London: Routledge

TRANSLATIONS OF THE RIGVEDA.*

ALTHOUGH the earlier part of Professor Wilson's translation of the *Rigveda* has been before the world for a good many years, the recent appearance of the fourth volume, and of a second edition of the first, affords a favourable opportunity for expressing an opinion on the whole work, as far as it has yet been brought out. The first continuous version of any considerable portion of this *Veda* was the Latin translation of the first book by the late Professor Rosen, which was published in 1838, along with the original text. A French version of the entire *Veda*, executed by the late M. Langlois, followed in 1848. The first three volumes of Professor Wilson's translation were published by the author himself in the years 1850-1857; and the fourth has just come out, some years after the translator's death, under the editorship of Mr. E. B. Cowell. The first book of the *Rigveda* has also been more recently rendered into German by Professor Benfey, of Göttingen.

The *Rigveda*, properly so called, is a collection of 1,017 hymns, chiefly in honour of the most ancient Indian gods. They vary in length from one to fifty-eight verses, and fill altogether 912 pages in Professor Aufrecht's octavo edition, printed in the Roman character. These hymns, which are composed in various metres, and in the oldest extant dialect of the Sanskrit, are proved both by the archaic character of their language, by the general simplicity of their ideas, and by the representations (so different from those of the later Hindu mythology) which they give of the gods to whom they are addressed, as well as by the whole tenor of Indian tradition, to be the oldest religious books of Hindustan. But we may go further, and assert without hesitation that they are also the oldest literary monuments of the so-called Indo-European race. The most recent of them are generally considered to be several centuries older than Homer, and as a thousand hymns could not, in that remote age, have been composed within any very brief space of time, we may fairly conclude (for this, as well as for other reasons) that many of them must date from a still earlier period, extending perhaps from 2,000 to 1,500 years before the Christian era. These hymns are of the greatest interest on various grounds; first, on account of the numerous old words and grammatical forms, unknown to the later Sanskrit, which they contain; and secondly, from the light which they throw on the formation and early growth of religious ideas in general, by bringing before us, in the amplest detail and in the greatest variety, the naive and spontaneous conceptions which their authors were led to form of the superior powers, in an age when the imagination was singularly lively, inventive, and open to all the influences of nature and natural phenomena, and before any fixed system of mythology existed to shape its creations or limit the range of its activity.

The principal deities mentioned in the *Rigveda* are Agni (Ignis), the god of fire; Indra, the regent of the firmament, who shatters the clouds with his thunderbolt, and dispenses rain; Mitra and Varuna (Οὐρανός), the representatives of day and night; Sûrya, the sun; Vâyu, the wind; the Maruts, or tempests; the Asvins, &c.; together with Vishnu and Rudra, who play so prominent a part in the later mythology, but occupy a subordinate position in the Vedic pantheon. These deities are praised in separate hymns, as well as in others addressed to two or more of them conjointly; in which their several attributes, chiefly physical, but sometimes also moral, and their various functions and achievements, are celebrated, and blessings, almost exclusively of a temporal character, are solicited by the worshippers. The collection also embraces a few remains of Indian antiquity, which are not of a devotional character, such as the lamentation of a gamester, an encomium on liberality, dialogues between mythical personages, speculations on the origin of all things, &c.

It is evidently of great importance that compositions so ancient and otherwise so interesting as these hymns should be correctly rendered into English. But the difficulties in the way of an adequate translation, arising from the obsoleteness of many of the words, from the frequent ellipses, and from the obscurity of many of the allusions, are frequently very great. The hermeneutic aids which we possess are considerable, but still very inadequate for our purpose. The chief of these helps is the elaborate commentary of Sâyana, an Indian scholar who lived in the fourteenth century A.D., in which the hymns are minutely explained, verse by verse, and word by word. The explanations given in these scholia are closely followed by Professor Wilson, as well as by his predecessor, Professor Rosen. The French version of M. Langlois frequently deviates from Sâyana, but it is on the whole an extremely inaccurate and unsatisfactory performance. Professor Benfey's version (extending only to one out of eight books) is the work of a profound scholar, who departs from the renderings of the Indian scholiast whenever he conceives that good philological reasons exist for doing so. Professor Wilson was of opinion that Sâyana was a far better judge of the meaning of the *Veda* than any European scholar can possibly be, but we think he was wrong in this belief. Although there is a large number of passages in which the signification is too plain to be mistaken, most Sanskritists are agreed that in many other places the Indian commentator fails to reproduce the true sense of the hymns. It is clear on examination that the meaning of many of the obsolete words which they contain had not been handed down by tradition, and that Sâyana, as well as his predecessors, was often compelled to resort to etymology for the purpose of discovering it. His mode of procedure, however, is but indifferently calculated to ensure success. He rarely compares parallel passages with the view of finding a meaning of the word or phrase under consideration which would suit them all, but for the most part confines his attention to the verse before him. The consequence is that he often ascribes different senses to the same word in different passages, though the context requires the same sense, or at least affords no ground for assigning another. It also constantly happens that he offers optional explanations of words or phrases, a course which shows that he had no certain knowledge of the real meaning. Add to this, that living, as Sâyana did, between two and three thousand years after the composition of the *Veda*, at a time when the religion of the Indians had undergone a long series of modifications and developments, he is often misled by the ideas of his own age to put into the hymns a mythological or mystical signification of which the authors never dreamt.

There are thus ample grounds for asserting that a translation of these hymns based exclusively on the labours of the Indian commentator must often fail to represent with accuracy the sense of the originals. Whatever, therefore, may be the merit of Professor Wilson's laborious work, as a careful and generally exact reproduction of Sâyana's explanations, and whatever value it may possess as a first essay towards an English version of the entire *Rigveda*, it cannot, so far as the more difficult passages are concerned, be regarded in any other light than as a provisional interpretation, which must soon make way for a more scientific performance. These hymns are of far too high importance as the earliest extant materials for illustrating the remote history of one of the most gifted races of humanity, to admit of their being left by philologists without a more satisfactory explanation than they have yet received. The first systematic attempt to improve upon the renderings of the Indian scholiasts was made by Professor Benfey, in his translation and glossary of the *Sâmaveda*, published in 1848. And in the far more extensive and copious Sanskrit and German lexicon of Boetlingk and Roth, now being published at St. Petersburg, under the auspices of the Imperial Russian Academy of Sciences (of which four volumes and part of a fifth have appeared), great progress has already been made in the interpretation of Vedic words on the principles of modern philology, whilst another eminent scholar in this country is understood to be labouring diligently in the same field. It was necessary that the difficult task of interpreting the *Rigveda* should be preceded by long preparatory studies calculated to fit the translators for their work. But the time seems to have arrived when several of the best Sanskritists might attempt it with a good prospect of success. In fact, a few of the hymns have already been admirably rendered by Professor Max Müller, in his *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, and elsewhere. The task, as it appears to us, could be best fulfilled by one who, like the accomplished writer just referred to, should combine the skill of a practised philologist, with sufficient imaginative power to comprehend and reproduce the thoughts and feelings of mankind in the earlier ages of the world. We trust, therefore, that we shall by and by receive from the pen of some such competent scholar an adequate English translation of the whole *Rigveda*, or at least of all the most important and characteristic hymns which it contains.

* *Rigveda-Sanhitâ*. A collection of ancient Hindu hymns, &c., &c., the oldest authority for the religious and social institutions of the Hindus. Translated from the original Sanskrit by H. H. Wilson, M.A., F.R.S., &c., &c., Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford. London: Allen and Co.; Trübner and Co.

*** In a review of Mr. Swinburne's pamphlet last week (p. 1229, line 28), we find that "Aristotle" appeared by an absurd slip of the pen for "Aristophanes," in some mention of the latter's comedies.*

We are requested to notice that the novel, Walter Blake's Heroine, *said to have been withdrawn, was not so. It is still in circulation.*

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Little Henry and his Bearer. Illustrated. (Houlston and Wright.)—This little book is one of the half-dozen or so in existence which utterly baffle critics. It is inconceivable that a rather dry story should have lived at least forty years, and have been sold to the extent of 150,000 copies—besides the pirated editions, an immense addition—without sterling merit of its own. What that merit is, beyond that of stating the Calvinistic creed with some plainness and simplicity, we are wholly unable to discover. Children, however, who are not Calvinists, read it eagerly, in spite of the Indian words which occur so frequently as to require a vocabulary, and of the insufferable priggishness of the hero, who talks as if he were an old Methodist, rather than a little child. Children in such cases are the best judges, and we are bound, therefore, to pronounce the story good. It is nicely printed, and the illustrations with one exception are natural enough. A Hindoo who has become a Christian does not therefore pray in a Christian attitude, but in his own infinitely more humble one.

Heber's Hymns, Illustrated. (Sampson Low.)—An exquisitely printed edition of these popular hymns, profusely illustrated with borders and vignettes by artists of mark. The illustrations strike us as best when they are least ambitious, Mr. W. Lawson, for instance, succeeding in "Family Affliction," an English scene, quite intelligible and pathetic, while Mr. Selous comparatively fails in his "Christ in the Temple disputing with the Doctors." It was bold to challenge comparison with Holman Hunt, and Mr. Selous fails in the central figure. This is not the serene child conscious of a wisdom greater than the doctors', but an actress—we mean the feminine termination—with a finger raised theatrically in vehement demonstration. The edition, will, however be very welcome in the houses where Bishop Heber is appreciated, and where it is considered fitting that even the drawing-room books should have a religious character.

The Lays of Ancient Rome. Illustrated. (Longmans.)—The edition would be perfect, but for two things. The print is one degree too small, so small that it is a work of high art to print clearly from it, and the binding, as usual with all fancy binding this year, is inappropriate. The gilding on it has a spluttery effect, and we would put it to any first-rate binder whether he has any sound argument for giving a book an obverse and reverse like a medal. The *Lays*, however, are better bound than most such books, the outline drawings are appropriate and clear, and the bordering of the "Prophecy of Capys," a panorama of the incidents of a Roman triumph, is infinitely more satiafactory than the ordinary arabesques. It will bear a strong glass, a great triumph of printing. Altogether the edition is a real addition to editions *de luxe*.

Archie Lovell. By Mrs. Edwards. (Tinsley.)—A very pretty story indeed, very well told, with incidents which are both possible and natural. The leading figure, a French bred English girl, who, in pure ignorance, gets into a sad scrape against the conventions, tells lies, and rights herself by a desperate effort to speak the whole truth to her own hurt, is most clearly drawn, without a touch of exaggeration, except, perhaps, as to her ignorace of the world. A girl running loose about Boulogne would hardly be unaware that she must not make clandestine expeditions to London in company with an admirer. Still Archie is natural, and the double nature of such a woman, the surface Bohemianism and real respect for the conventionalities, is admirably hit off. To those who like the true novel of comedy as it was before sensationalism triumphed, we can cordially recommend *Archie Lovell*.

NOTICE.—Contributors are requested to keep a copy of their Articles sent to this Journal, as the Editors cannot undertake to return rejected MS.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Frederick Warne and Co.—The Judges of Israel, by the Rev. H. C. Adams; Lucy West, or the Orphans of Highcliff, by Mrs. H. B. Paull; Penny Readings; Nursery Rhymes.

Houlston and Wright—Charles Lorraine, or the Young Soldier, by Mrs. Sherwood; Emma and her Nurse, by Mrs. Cameron; Pleasant Rhymes for Little Readers, by Josephine; the Story of Little Henry, by Mrs. Sherwood.

G. Routledge and Sons—Johnny Jordan and his Dog, by Mrs. Elloart; Tom and the Crocodiles, by Anne Bowman: Penny Readings, by G. M. Fenn.

The Religious Tract Society—The Sunday at Home; the Leisure Hour, 1866.

Cassell, Petter, and Co.—Idyllic Pictures; the Legend of Croquemitaine.

Griffith and Farren—Casimir, the Little Exile, by Caroline Peachey; Nooks and Corners of English Life, by John Timbs.

Longman and Co.—The Russian Government in Poland, by W. A. Day.

Chapman and Hall—Wildflower; or, Rights and Wrongs.

Sampson Low and Co.—The Masque at Ludlow and other Romanesques, by the Author of "Mary Powell."

Rivington and Co.—A Christian View of Christian History, by J. H. Blunt.

Williams and Norgate—Essays on Symbolism, by H. C. Barlow.

Macmillan and Co.—Catulli Veronensis Liber, by R. Ellis.

Virtue Brothers—Sir Julian's Wife, by E. J. Worboise.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

This day is published.

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FOURTH ANNUAL PUBLICATION.

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